

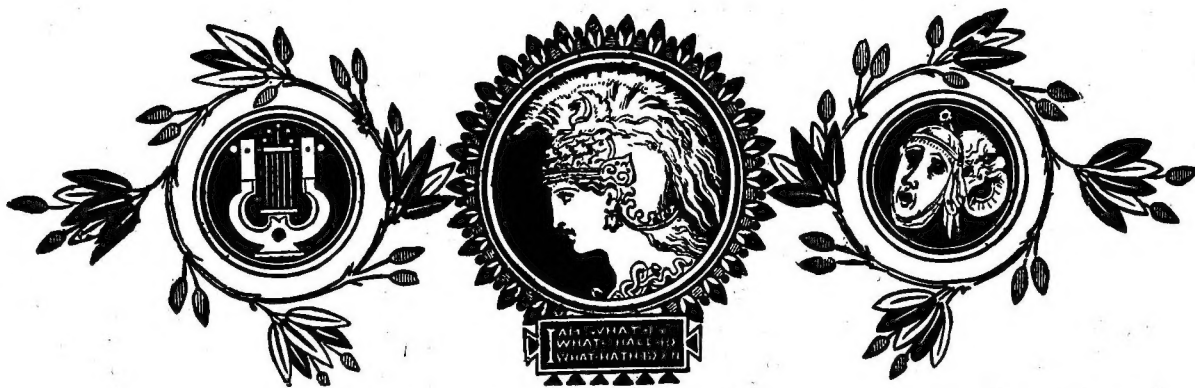
ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 966

JUNE 2, 1888

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GEOGRAPHIC

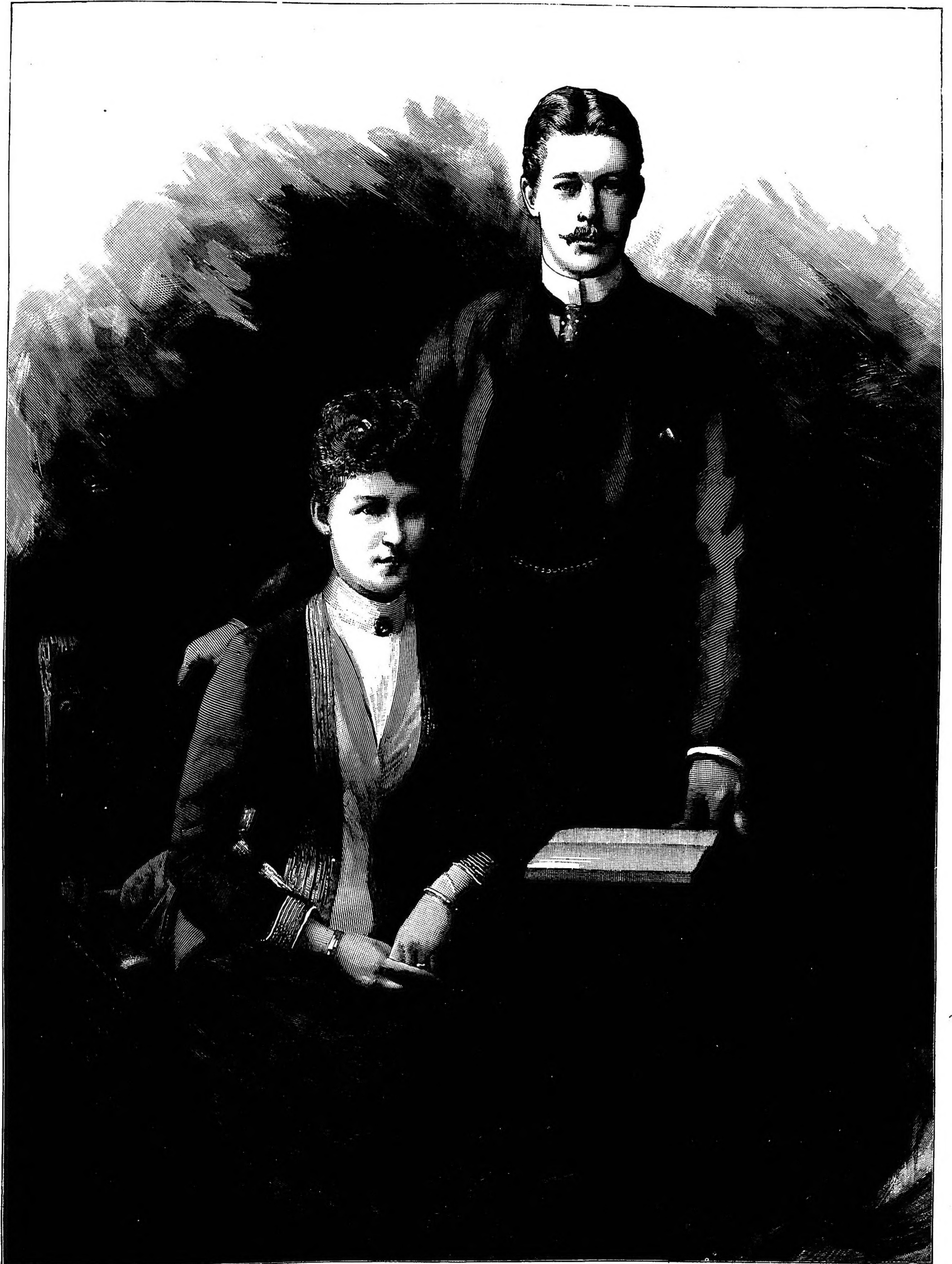
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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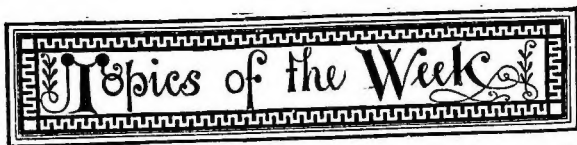
ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1888

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



THE ROYAL WEDDING IN BERLIN
PRINCE HENRY AND HIS BRIDE, THE PRINCESS IRENE OF HESSE



MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S IRISH POLICY.—In his powerful speech delivered at Birmingham on Monday, Mr. Chamberlain clearly defined the policy which he holds to be necessary for the settlement of the Irish Question. His essential idea is that the root of the difficulty is not political, but social and economical. He is of opinion that if the Irish people were materially prosperous they would cease to be discontented, and to demand concessions incompatible with the welfare of the United Kingdom as a whole. He proposes, therefore, that Parliament shall begin its reforms by granting State aid for the development of public works, and by taking steps for the transfer of property in land from the present legal owners to the peasantry. When this has been done, the rest, he thinks, will be easy. We may then safely establish County Boards, and provide means, whether by Provincial Councils or otherwise, for the transaction of business relating either to the whole of Ireland or to districts embracing more than one county. Whatever may be said of this policy, Mr. Chamberlain's opponents cannot pretend that it is merely negative, or that it is "ungenerous." Its defect is that he has not yet succeeded in showing how public works are to be developed, and how the transfer of land from landlords to tenants is to be effected, without a vast expenditure on the part of Great Britain. He expresses his conviction that Irish credit will suffice for the fulfilment of the schemes he has suggested, but the proof of this proposition is still somewhat vague. Mr. Chamberlain is eminently practical, so we are bound to assume that when he expounds his ideas in detail he will be able to support with solid arguments the view which he states with so much confidence. If he can show that his plan is practicable without the imposition of new burdens on the British taxpayer, the Government will probably be only too glad to accept it; and there is no sound reason why it should be resisted by Home Rulers. Mr. Gladstone's followers ask for more than Mr. Chamberlain offers to yield, but they are, no doubt, perfectly willing to take what might prove to be the first step towards the accomplishment of their own larger and bolder policy.

MR. BRIGHT.—Every one, it may be hoped, sympathises sincerely with Mr. Bright in his serious illness, and none more so, perhaps, than those among his former allies who have spoken of him contumeliously because he was conscientiously unable to execute the Parnellite *volte-face* which Mr. Gladstone, in company with a minority of his previous adherents, achieved with such sinister facility. But Mr. Bright, though in the old days a Radical of the Radicals, has never been a mere popularity-hunter. He has never sought to swim with the stream, unless his conscience approved of his so doing. At the outset of the Russian War, it will be remembered that he and his friend Cobden stood true to their non-intervention colours, though the great mass of public opinion, especially that of the working-classes, who regarded Russia as a despotism which ought to be crushed, was hostile to their Quaker-like views. But popular as Mr. Bright now is, especially among the wealthier and more highly-educated classes, it would be uncandid to forget that there was a time when his name stank in their nostrils, and when he was regarded by them as a dangerous demagogue. Whence came that prejudice, and why has it so completely subsided? The answer is that, with all his genius, Mr. Bright is (perhaps it would be fairer to say, was) an essentially intolerant man; he held his own opinions so strongly that every man who differed from him seemed a fool, or something worse, and, when these opinions were put forth in language oratorically admirable for its simplicity and directness, no wonder he aroused the terror and dislike of those who regarded him as a pestilent revolutionist. But gradually most of the objects for which he contended have been won, such as Free Trade, the removal of Nonconformist disabilities, and an extended franchise. The sweet sense of triumph mellowed Mr. Bright's temper; while the Tories modified their wrath when they discovered that, in spite of these terrible revolutionary changes, the country was not utterly ruined, and their heads were still on their shoulders. So by degrees they dimly began to perceive that Mr. Bright was "a jolly good fellow," and, it may emphatically be added, "so say all of us." It may be said without exaggeration that no man throughout the English-speaking world is at the present time regarded with a stronger sentiment of mingled respect and affection than John Bright.

MERCANTILE MARINE DEFENCE.—While it is altogether right and fitting that the English people should be awakened to a sense of their defensive deficiencies, there is some danger of overdoing the process. Demand comes upon demand, millions upon millions are called for, until John Bull feels half-inclined to button up his pockets and refuse to give another farthing. The latest insistence of the alarmists is that if we do not secure immunity for our mercantile marine on the ocean, we shall be exposed to the danger of being starved into submission. Our war-ships may be victorious in every fight, our land forces may swarm over the land,

longing to see an invader's face; in a word, these isles may be as impregnable as Gibraltar, without saving us from the fate of the conquered. The enemy will cover the seas with fast cruisers to intercept our supplies of food, reducing the United Kingdom to the condition that Paris was in when the Germans camped outside her forts. It is a dark look-out; how can it be prevented? Admiral Hornby has a specific; we must protect our merchant ships from capture in every part of the world. Rather a big order, as Brother Jonathan might say; what would the cost be? On that point—not an altogether unimportant one—Admiral Hornby and the other specialists observe discreet silence. This is to be regretted, because there may be a way of accomplishing the same object at less expense. We might, for instance, have great granaries constructed and filled in peace time, so as to be insured so many months' wheat and pulse, and even tinned meats, in the event of our oceanic supplies being cut off. That would come cheaper, we imagine, than covering the multitudinous seas with multitudinous warships, and keeping them in readiness during peace and war. Our mercantile marine is, it is to be feared, too vast to be protected at every point against an enterprising enemy.

BOULANGISM.—During the last week or two, the world has heard comparatively little about General Boulanger; but it would be a mistake to suppose that his influence has already died away, or that it is likely soon to be brought to an end. A correspondent of the *Times*, who knows France intimately, declares that the General owes his position almost entirely to the peasantry, and there can be little doubt that this view is correct. Among the artisans of the great towns there is a passion for "equality," and this means that they will not, if they can help it, allow any statesman to possess exceptional power. They are bitterly jealous of eminent men, and never fail to agitate against politicians who give proof of high capacity for the management of public affairs. The peasantry, on the contrary, like to feel that their interests are being guarded by some one with whose name they are familiar, and in whose wisdom and vigour they have confidence. Hence they have never been really enthusiastic about the Republic. They have accepted it, because no other form of Government has seemed possible; but they long for a ruler who, without having feudal pretensions, will guarantee social order, and the maintenance of international peace. This is the reason why they have turned with so much hope towards General Boulanger. They know little about him, but he appears to be capable and energetic, and they think that if he were at the head of affairs he would secure something like stability in the administrative system. It is probable that if he were made President he would disappoint the expectations of his admirers. At any rate he has as yet done nothing to suggest that he is fitted to play a great part in politics. But, whatever may be his destiny, it is certain that the popular impulse which has made him important will not readily exhaust itself. The peasantry will continue to demand that supreme power shall be entrusted to what seem to them safer hands than those of intriguing and self-seeking factions. If the various Republican groups would unite, and support trustworthy leaders, the desire for Boulangism or some kind of Imperialism might pass away. This, however, is a condition with which the Republicans have apparently not the faintest intention of complying.

GOOD-BYE TO WIMBLEDON.—Unless something unusual should meanwhile occur, the Volunteer Meeting at Wimbledon next month will be the last of the long and glorious series. Not only the Volunteers themselves, but all their friends, male and female, will regret the removal of the Camp. Wimbledon is just far enough from town to secure it from the smoke and bustle of the streets, without being too far for the convenience of visitors. It is quite true that the shooting-contests might be conducted equally well on a spot so remote that there should not be a single idle spectator present; but, after all, Volunteers are human beings, they like to combine rifle-practice with holiday-making, and the stern monotony of the shooting-competitions has hitherto been agreeably relieved by the pleasure of meeting with and entertaining friends and acquaintances. The Duke of Cambridge is, of course, quite within his legal rights in putting a stop to the Wimbledon meetings. Eight-and-twenty years ago the Rifle Association bound themselves to go if he wished them to go, and he has now given the order to march. But the Duke will not add to his popularity by the obstructive and unsympathetic attitude which he has assumed. As Chief of the Army he might be expected to do all in his power to increase the efficiency of the Volunteers, who form an integral part of the Army; and the fact that his possessions are due, not to his own personal exertions, but to the bounty of the nation, might have induced him, as regards his Wimbledon property, to meet the Rifle Association in a spirit of generous concession. But there seems no chance of a change in this respect, and therefore, Wimbledon being no longer available, where are the Volunteers to meet in future? Lord Wantage has diligently scoured the country round London, and he can only find two places free from practical objections, namely, Richmond Park and the Berkshire Downs. The Duke of Cambridge, in his capacity of Ranger, would veto the former, but, as the Queen gives her sanction, his opposition may

perhaps be surmounted. As the proceedings only last a fortnight, the nuisance, such as it is, to the surrounding householders and the ordinary frequenters of the Park may, with skilful management, be reduced to a minimum. But, whether Richmond Park be secured or not for the annual Rifle Meeting, it will be well to get possession of the Berkshire Downs. They are sixty miles from London, and, for that very reason, a Volunteer Aldershot might be established there, where camp-exercises and class-firing could be carried on throughout the year.

THE TRANS-CASPIAN RAILWAY.—That amiable paper, the *Moscow Gazette*, sees the doom of England in the opening of the Transcaspian line to Samarkand. Nor are some of our own journals far behind in discerning fearful things for our Eastern Empire in this remarkable construction. Russia has certainly made wonderful haste in pushing forwards her Asiatic system of railways, and when either a person or a Power appears to be in a desperate hurry, bystanders suspect that there must be some urgent need. But needs may be of many sorts, and it yet remains to be proved that the object of the Transcaspian railway is to facilitate the invasion of Hindostan. As well might a Russian contend that because the vast system of Indian railways connects the military bases with the North-Western frontier, they were constructed with a view to Central-Asiatic adventures. Let us be fair in this matter, if that be possible. That the Samarkand line was mainly constructed for military purposes is likely enough. There are plenty of unruly elements in the Czar's Asiatic dominions which require to be kept down with the strong hand, and the greater the mobility of the troops, the fewer of them will suffice for that purpose. Russia has not gained strength by her more recent territorial extensions; on the contrary, they are a source of weakness to her, both physically and financially. They require to be garrisoned by large forces, and the revenue derived from them goes but a little way to meet expenditure. Now, what would England do were she thus circumstanced in any part of the world? She would endeavour to minimise expenditure and to increase revenue, while seeking at the same time to diminish the physical strain by enabling one soldier to do the work of two. And this is pretty nearly the entire scope of our Asiatic neighbour's present purpose. But if John Bull prefers to frighten himself with that fine old bogey, the capture of Herat by a Cossack *coup de main*, he may safely count upon having his humour encouraged by the Russian Chauvinist papers. They naturally wish to have it believed in England that the Czar has gained a position from which he could strike at India if so minded.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—According to Sir Henry Layard there is a rumour to the effect that the Government, "in consequence of urgent representations from many quarters," intends to remove the National Collection of Portraits from Bethnal Green to South Kensington. It is to be hoped that this rumour is without foundation, or that if it is true the Government will seriously reconsider the question. Even if there was a building at South Kensington fit for the reception of the pictures, it would be a mistake to place them permanently in a district so remote from the centre of London. No one who has not seen these portraits can form the faintest idea of their value from the point of view both of Art and of History. They form one of the finest collections of the kind in the world, and ought to be exhibited in a gallery where they would be at all times easily accessible. As it happens, they cannot be safely transferred to South Kensington, for the rooms in which they used to be shown are constantly exposed to the risk of fire; and there are no other rooms in the neighbourhood which even Government officials could pretend to be suitable. There is an admirable site for a proper building in Parliament Street. The present First Commissioner of Works has recommended that this site should be used for the purpose, and the Government need not fear that if they resolved to act upon his advice their decision would be unpopular. All competent judges are of opinion that the collection ought long ago to have been securely and commodiously housed; and the Minister who provides for it a good central home will receive the hearty thanks of important classes of the community. A deputation of the trustees of the Gallery will wait upon Mr. W. H. Smith next Tuesday to present a memorial on the subject; and another memorial, addressed to Lord Salisbury, as the head of the Government, has been largely signed on both sides of the House of Commons, and by many eminent men who have no special connection with politics.

PASSPORTS.—Most of us hoped that we had seen the last of the antiquated passport system, which used to worry English tourists abroad, and make them think how free and happy their own tight little island was by comparison. But now, owing to the strained relations existing between a portion of the French people and the German Government, these restrictions have been re-enacted as regards travellers entering Germany from France. The ukase will produce a good deal of inconvenience, and will probably benefit the Swiss and Belgian railways at the expense of their rivals across the German frontier. But the German Government, which in many of its ways is curiously mediæval, pays little heed to annoyances which in such a country as England

would provoke a storm of indignation. The source of the trouble, of course, lies in the annexed provinces. It is alleged that French agitators have been perpetually entering Alsace-Lorraine preaching sedition, and hinting that the *revanche* will soon be at hand. Not unnaturally, the German Government, with its stiff military methods, sees in the revival of the passport system the best chance of checking this unwelcome immigration. Those who, like ourselves, really wish well to the respective peoples of France and Germany, and would fain see them relieved from the enormous military burden which they have to bear, must regret more than ever that in 1871 the victors decided on annexation. Pecuniary exactions would have left no sting as soon as the tribute had been paid, while military exigencies might have been satisfied by the compulsory razing of fortresses. But in both countries there were persons who, for not very creditable reasons, welcomed the annexation. French Chauvinists perceived that it gave them a chance of a future war of revenge; while the militarists, who have so long ruled the roost in Germany, were well aware that they would lose three-fourths of their importance if France were to become genuinely pacific and friendly.

THE VANISHED EXPEDITION.—Neither the *Times* telegram from Zanzibar nor what fell from the President of the Royal Geographical Society on Monday has allayed the very general anxiety about the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. Since the end of last June not a single syllable has come from Mr. Stanley. At that time he had just started from the Aruwimi, a tributary of the Upper Congo, to march to the Albert Nyanza—a distance of some 450 miles. Even admitting that he was greatly delayed by having to forage for food and by the rugged nature of the country, eleven months seems an inordinately long time for such a comparatively short journey. The story told to Major Barttelot by the party of deserters does not clear up this mystery a bit. They represented that they ran away from the expedition about the beginning of October, leaving it with plenty of supplies, at some place twenty days' canoe voyage from the starting-point. Deserters always say the things which they believe will be most acceptable, and we should imagine that Major Barttelot gave very little heed to the story. But what is his own position? Dubious, apparently; this message of his came *via* Zanzibar, instead of down the Congo; while he reported that the behaviour of Tippoo Tib, the Arab ex-slave king on whose loyalty so much depended, had become "unsatisfactory." But the most inexplicable matter of all is that, although Emin Pasha, hearing of the expedition's coming, sent scouts to the Nyanza, and even went there himself, nothing was seen or heard of it. It may possibly turn out that Mr. Stanley, finding it impossible to reach the lake, as he had intended, changed his plans, and struck out boldly towards the north for a direct march to Wadelai. That would both lengthen the journey and account for the absence of news. It is to be feared that, whatever the explanation may be, the expedition has encountered terrible trials and privations in its long wanderings.

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-NINE AND EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-NINE.—French Republicans bitterly resent the tone in which M. Tisza, the Hungarian Prime Minister, spoke the other day about the Paris Exhibition of 1889. And it must be admitted that their complaints are not wholly without justification. M. Tisza seemed to go out of his way to talk slightly of France, and he must have known, while delivering his speech, that what he was saying would give serious offence. At the same time the French ought to have foreseen that neither Hungary nor any other Monarchical country would consent to take part officially in the forthcoming Exhibition. If all Frenchmen had been practically agreed as to the Revolution, foreign Governments might have been persuaded to join with them in celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the event with which it began. But, as a matter of fact, there is no subject about which Frenchmen differ from one another so profoundly. The memory of the Revolution fills Churchmen with detestation, and the Monarchical party derives most of its strength from the fact that large classes look back with horror to the deeds of the chiefs of the Revolutionary era. If, therefore, neighbouring States officially supported the Exhibition, they would be taking part with one section of the French people against other sections; and who can tell that they would even be taking part with the triumphant section? The Republicans happen for the present to be in the ascendant; but they may soon have to give way to the Boulangists, or to the Royalists, or to the Communists. The Exhibition, if it succeeds, will be a success achieved not by the nation, but by a party; and any attempt on the part of foreign Governments to support a particular group of politicians would be both undignified and inexpedient.

LAW AND ORDER IN ENGLAND AND CHINA.—Domestic events are, to the student of human nature, really more interesting than politics; yet, as regards foreign countries, our enterprising news-purveyors give us a wearisome amount of the latter and a very meagre supply of the former. Now and then, however, a glimpse of domestic affairs is vouchsafed to us—as, for example, in a paragraph in the *China Times*, giving some account of public order in Peking. The home-

staying Englishman is apt to entertain a vague idea that John Chinaman in his own land is a most methodical, law-abiding being. So probably he is, in the mass; but there are apparently some very lively exceptions. A regular organised system prevails of robbing the porters who carry the ingots of silver which constitute part of the primitive currency of the country. This species of crime will probably be diminished when the new Canton Mint gets into full swing. Then pick-pockets infest the city in every direction; and London ladies who have suffered from having rugs and hand-bags stolen from their carriages may be gratified to learn that their Chinese sisters have what is the Celestial equivalent for bonnets snatched off their heads, the valiant coachman meanwhile sitting on his box, and not daring to utter a word of remonstrance. So, although in happy Christian England elderly gentlemen have their watches wrenched from their pockets in broad daylight; although convicts murder their warders, and, escaping, traverse the country committing burglaries; although young men, walking with their sweethearts, are stabbed to death in our parks; yet investigation shows that John Chinaman is no better off; and that he by no means relishes this condition of dishonesty and insecurity, though he lacks the energy to undertake a vigorous crusade against it.

NEWSPAPER LIBELS.—It is abundantly clear that Sir James Stephen has never had any connection with the newspaper Press, except as an occasional correspondent. Otherwise, he would not have beaten the air so wildly in his fierce onslaught on the Libel Law Amendment Bill. What does this measure propose? Mainly, to save perfectly innocent people from undeserved, and often very severe, punishment. Under the present law, every newspaper proprietor goes in daily terror, which is largely shared by the editor, sub-editor, manager, and publisher. Do what they may, libels are sure to creep into their journal's columns, and then down swoops the law, and there is nothing for it but to buy off the threatening prosecutor almost at his own price. The public little know how much of this sort of work goes on; Sir James Stephen is evidently entirely ignorant of such doings. He has drawn a mental portrait of a newspaper proprietor as a somewhat unscrupulous person, who cares not what appears in his paper so long as its readers are amused and its circulation enhanced. There may be some few of this baser sort; every country has its gutter Press. But is the existence of these occasional pests any reason why the vast majority should be subjected to unjust treatment, even to the extent sometimes of actual ruin? It is monstrous, as the law now stands, that a perfectly fair report of a public meeting, without a single word of comment on the speeches, should expose a newspaper to a prosecution for libel if one speaker happened to asperse another's character. Of course, whenever any malice or bias is shown in such cases, the paper deserves to be punished, but for a mere report of language used in public, the calumniated person might well be left to proceed against the calumniator. As regards the publication of prurient trials, it is certainly somewhat curious that Sir James Stephen should uphold the present law, when he must be aware that it entirely fails even to check the evil.



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THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION.—Applications for Season Tickets to be made to VINCENT A. APPLIN, Esq., Secretary. Single Season Tickets, 6s.; Double Season Tickets, admitting Gentleman and Lady, 30s. Season Tickets for Children (under 16), 10s.

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OLYMPIA, KENSINGTON.
OPENS MONDAY NEXT, JUNE 4TH, FOR FIVE MONTHS.

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Will be OPENED at 11.30 on MONDAY NEXT, JUNE 4.
ADMISSION, FIVE SHILLINGS.
Other Days, ONE SHILLING.
SEASON TICKETS, ONE GUINEA.
Special Arrangements with all Railways.

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Doors open at 10 a.m.

HORSE SHOW.—DAY AFTER the OAKS.

HORSE SHOW.—OPENS SATURDAY, June 2, 2s. 6d.
Judging Day.

HORSE SHOW.—MONDAY, June 4, 1s. Judging, and
Leaping after completion of Judging.

HORSE SHOW.—TUESDAY, June 5, 1s. Riding Competition
(Gentlemen). Leaping. Water Jump. Parade.

HORSE SHOW.—WEDNESDAY, June 6, 1s. Riding
Competition (Ladies). Leaping. Water Jump. Parade. WEDNESDAY EVENING, 1s. Entertainment at 7.30. Parade. Trotting Stallions. Leaping. Water Jump.

HORSE SHOW.—THURSDAY, June 7, 1s. Driving
Competition. Leaping. Water Jump. Parade.

HORSE SHOW.—THURSDAY EVENING. Entertainment
at 7.30. Champion Leaping Competition. Parade. Leaping. Water Jump.

HORSE SHOW.—FRIDAY, June 8, 1s. Leaping. Water
Jump. Parade.

HORSE SHOW.—Parade of Prize Horses EVERY DAY.

HORSE SHOW.—Hunters, Hacks, Harness Horses for Sale.

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HORSE SHOW.—WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY
EVENINGS.—Balcony Seats, 1s.

HORSE SHOW.—Entrance, Islington Green.

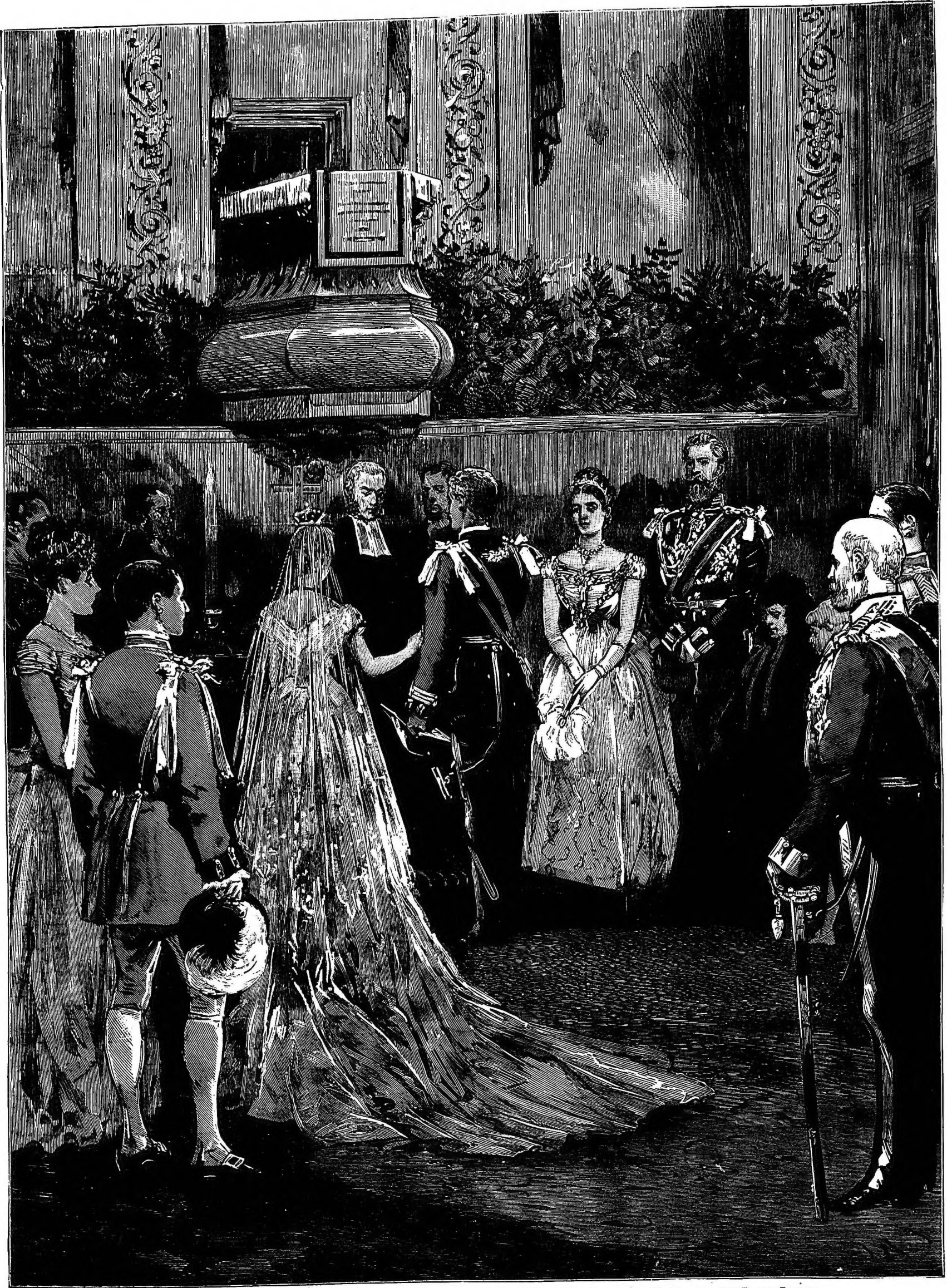
HORSE SHOW.—Reserved Seat Entrance, Barford Street.

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LYCEUM.—The AMBER HEART and ROBERT MACAIRE.
Every Evening, at 8.15 precisely.—Ellaline, Miss Ellen Terry, Robert Macaire.—Mr. Henry Irving. Morning Performances—FAUST, to-morrow (SATURDAY), and June 9 at 2.30. NOTICE.—The theatre will be closed every Saturday evening during June. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open from 10 to 5. Seats can also be booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

STEAMERS TO NORWAY, THE BALTIC, THE ORKNEY and SHETLAND ISLANDS.—Delightful and popular twelve days' trips to the West Coast of Norway from Leith and Aberdeen on 9th, 21st, and 23rd June, and every Saturday during July and August by the magnificent steamships, "ST. SUNNIVA" and "ST. ROGNVALD." Both vessels are lighted by electricity, are provided with all modern requisites for the comfort of passengers, and make the passage between Aberdeen and Norway in twenty hours. The "ST. ROGNVALD" makes a three weeks' trip to the North Cape, the Land of the Midnight Sun, on June 21st. The "ST. SUNNIVA" makes a three weeks' trip to the Baltic on 1st September, calling at Christiania, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and St. Petersburg. Direct Steamers to the Orkney and Shetland Islands from Aberdeen and Leith five times a week. To Shetland in 13 hours; to Orkney in 11 hours by the fast and comfortable steamers, "ST. MAGNUS," "ST. CLAIR," "ST. NICHOLAS," and "QUEEN." Particulars of sailing (and Handbook of Norway Trips, price 3d.) may be had from John A. Clinksill, 102, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Sewell and Crowther, 18, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, W.C.; Thomas Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and all Branch Offices; C. MacIver and Son, Tower Buildings, Water Street, Liverpool; Wordie and Co., 49, West Nile Street, Glasgow; George Houston, 16, Waterloo Place, Edinburgh; and 64, Constitution Street, Leith; Charles Merrylees, Northern Steam Wharf, Aberdeen.

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The Bride The Bridegroom The Empress The Emperor The Empress-Dowager

THE ROYAL WEDDING IN BERLIN
THE CEREMONY IN THE PALACE AT CHARLOTTENBURG



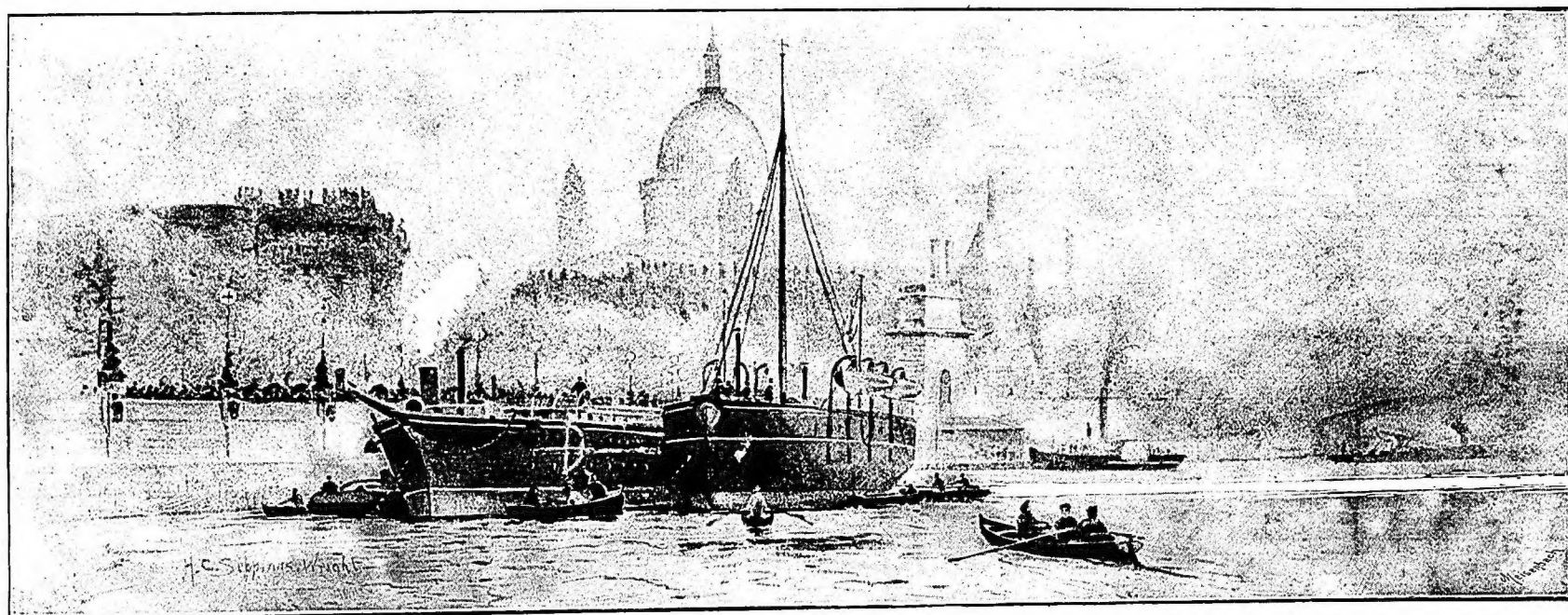
DR. O'DWYER
Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick



ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM HEWETT, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., V.C.
Born 1834. Died May 13, 1888



SIR JOHN PENDER, K.C.M.G.
Recently Knighted for his Work in Connection with Submarine Telegraphy



THE NEW SHIP FOR THE ROYAL NAVAL ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS ON THE THAMES
THE "FROLIC" RELIEVING THE "RAINBOW"



THE ROYAL WEDDING IN BERLIN
THE ROYAL PAIR LEAVING CHARLOTTENBURG FOR THEIR HONEYMOON

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NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, entitled "PICTURES OF THE YEAR, IV."

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THE ROYAL WEDDING AT BERLIN

THE wedding of Prince Henry of Prussia, the younger son of the German Emperor and Empress, with Princess Irene of Hesse, the third daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse and the late Princess Alice, was celebrated last week in the chapel of the Charlottenburg Palace. The ceremony was comparatively private, owing to the Emperor's health, but was nevertheless attended with all due Royal pomp, while a number of princely guests were present, including the Prince of Wales and the Crown Prince of Greece. The chapel in which the service was celebrated, however, was too small to accommodate many guests, being intended to hold only

forty persons, though, by removing the seats, room was made for a larger number. The interior of the chapel, which dates from 1708, is ornamented in rococo style, and for the occasion the walls were beautifully decorated with roses. As soon as the guests had assembled in the Palace, the Empress placed a crown, the emblem of Royalty, on the bride's head, and the civil marriage was performed in the Blue Saloon by the Lord Chief Chamberlain. The Royal party then proceeded in procession to the chapel, where they were received and conducted to the altar by the Court Chaplain, Dr. Kögel, and his assistant clergy. The Royal Party formed a semicircle before the altar, the Dowager Empress being present in her chair, while the minor personages were accommodated in rooms leading out of the chapel. Almost as soon as the service had begun the Emperor entered, walking into the chapel with a firm tread, and took up his place at the right of the bride, standing on the left. Dr. Kögel then preached a sermon, the text being the twenty-seventh verse of the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you," in which he alluded to the fact that the betrothal took place on the late Emperor's ninetieth birthday, and the wedding on the birthday of Queen Victoria. A chorale of Sir Arthur Sullivan's was then sung, and the rings were exchanged—this portion of the ceremony being signified to the outside world by three successive volleys of twelve cannon. The bridal couple next knelt to receive the blessing, and the service concluded with a hymn. The chaplain shook hands with Prince Henry and his bride, who then went up to the Empress Augusta, whom they kissed affectionately. The Empress Victoria, who was visibly affected, warmly embraced the Princess, as also did the Emperor. When, however, Prince Henry came up to the Emperor, the latter placed both arms round him, kissed him on both cheeks and on his forehead, and then held his hand on his head, retaining him long in a close embrace. The Prince of Wales also kissed his niece and shook hands with Prince Henry. The congratulations over, the Emperor bowed to the guests, and with the Empress Augusta and Prince and Princess Henry withdrew, the choir singing the Hallelujah Chorus. The Emperor seemed very well throughout the ceremony, and did not cough once. He wore a general's uniform with the insignia of the Hessian Ludwig Order and Collar of the Garter, and the chains of the Black Eagle and Hohenzollern Orders. At the wedding breakfast the Crown Prince, acting for the Emperor, who was not present, proposed the health of the newly-wedded couple. By two o'clock the meal was over, and the bridal garter having been cut up and distributed according to custom, Prince and Princess Henry left an hour later for Schloss Erdmannsdorf in Silesia, where they have been spending their honeymoon. Prince Henry of Prussia was born on August 14th, 1862, and is the "Sailor Prince" of Germany, having been trained in the navy, and having seen a good deal of foreign service. In his honour the Crown Prince wore a naval uniform at the wedding. Princess Irene was born on July 11th, 1866, at Darmstadt.—Our portraits of Prince Henry and Princess Irene are from photographs by C. Backofen, Darmstadt.

DR. O'DWYER, ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF LIMERICK

WITH reference to the demonstration respecting the Papal Rescript which it was proposed to hold at Limerick last Sunday, Dr. O'Dwyer, the Bishop of Limerick, wrote to Mr. O'Keefe, M.P., the Mayor of Limerick, in terms of strong disapproval. He said, "It is my duty to inform you, as I do now authoritatively and officially, that the recent decree of the Holy Office, approved and sanctioned as it has been by our Holy Father himself, binds the conscience of those whom it concerns; that it is a grievous sin for any Catholic to disobey it, and a much more grievous sin under any pretext to deny the Pope's authority to issue it. You will observe that the clergy, who understand the binding force of this decree, will take no part in this meeting." Dr. O'Dwyer was right in his forecast, no priests attended either this Limerick meeting or six others which took place the same day in other parts of Ireland to protest against the Pope's "interference in Irish politics." As for Dr. O'Dwyer himself, as a reward for his adhesion to principles of honesty and charity which are recognised by all forms of religion worthy of the name, he was virulently assailed both by Mr. John Dillon and by Mr. William O'Brien. These gentlemen certainly take up a most indefensible position when they say they will obey the Pope in matters of religion, but not of politics. It is precisely because they err against religion that the Pope condemns boycotting and the Plan of Campaign.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Lafayette, 30, Westmoreland Street, Dublin.

THE LATE ADMIRAL HEWETT

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM NATHAN WRIGHT HEWETT, K.C.B., V.C., the second son of the late Dr. Wright Hewett, was born at Brighton August 12th, 1834. Few naval officers have had a more brilliant career afloat, and in professional circles he was known as the "Fighting Admiral." Since he entered the service in 1847 he has participated in nearly every war in which England has been engaged. After serving with the Naval Brigade in Burma and China, he took part in the Russian War of 1854-5. On October 26th, 1854, Mr. Hewett, then Acting-Mate of H.M.S. *Beagle*, was in charge of the Lancaster Battery before Sebastopol. The advance of a Russian sortie placed the gun in great jeopardy, as their skirmishers advanced within three hundred yards of the battery, and poured in a sharp fire. By some misapprehension the word was passed to spike the gun and retreat, but Mr. Hewett refused to do so, unless an express order to that effect came from Captain Lushington. For this and other acts of gallantry, while in the field with the Naval Brigade, he received, besides various foreign honours, the Victoria Cross, and was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. At the Battle of Inkerman, also, he distinguished himself greatly. He commanded the *Beagle* at the capture of Kertch and Yenikale, and served in the expedition to the Sea of Azoff. He was subsequently appointed to the Royal yacht by the Queen in special recognition of his brilliant services, and afterwards commanded the *Viper*, which was engaged in the suppression of the slave trade on the West Coast of Africa. For his action in reference to the surrender of Messrs. Mason and Slidell during the Trent affair he was promoted to the rank of Captain, November 26th, 1862. In 1873-4 he was Commodore on the West Coast of Africa, and was present at Amoaful and at the capture of Coomassie. He commanded an expedition against the Congo pirates in 1875, and another in 1876 to punish the natives of the River Niger. During the Egyptian expedition, he was placed at the head of the naval forces guarding the Suez Canal. At the time of the operations in the Eastern Sudan, he acted as Governor-General of Suakim, and was present at the battle of El Teb. Two years later he was entrusted with a diplomatic mission to King John of Abyssinia to insure his aid in the relief of the garrison of Kassala. Sir W. Hewett thrice received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, namely, for his services in the Ashanti war; in the Egyptian campaign of 1882; and in the Sudan operations. In 1886, he assumed the command of the Channel Squadron, and only hauled down his flag on board the *Northumberland*, at Portsmouth, on the 17th April last. Shortly after this he was attacked by acute symptoms of Bright's disease, at his residence at Southsea. By the advice of his uncle, Sir Prescott Hewett, the eminent surgeon, he was conveyed to the Naval Hospital at Haslar, where he died on May 13th. In 1857, Admiral Hewett

married Jane Emily, youngest daughter of Thomas Wood, Esq., Her Majesty's Consul at Patras. By her, who survives him, he leaves three sons, two of whom are lieutenants in the Navy, and two daughters, the youngest only fourteen years of age.—Our portrait is from a photograph by J. Hawke, 8, George Street, Plymouth.

SIR JOHN PENDER,

WHO has recently been knighted for the services he has rendered to the nation, especially in the Department of Submarine Telegraphy, was born in 1816, and is the second son of the late Mr. James Pender, of Vale of Leven, Dumbartonshire. After being educated at the High School of Glasgow, where he showed great proficiency in drawing, he went into the counting-house of a factory, and, by the time he reached the age of twenty-one, was general manager of the business. His career thenceforward divides itself into two parts; first, as a merchant in Glasgow and Manchester, and secondly, as introducer, executant, and extender of Submarine and Sub-Oceanic Telegraphy. In Manchester he rose to the front rank in the export trade, gaining also a thorough commercial knowledge of India, China, America, and the Colonies. When Submarine Telegraphy was in its infancy he was Chairman of the British and Irish Magnetic Company. When the immense Atlantic project was undertaken, he was one of the three hundred and forty-five who subscribed 1,000l. each to let the experiment be tried. We need not here describe the successive failures and disappointments which occurred; it is enough to say that Sir John Pender, the late Sir Curtis Lampson, and one or two others were among the few who never despaired (on one critical occasion Sir John gave his personal guarantee for 250,000l. to the Gutta Percha Company), till at last their efforts were crowned with success. As soon as the Atlantic Cable was firmly established he devoted himself to the development of similar enterprises elsewhere, till now the whole world is linked together by the electric current. Sir John was M.P. for Totnes from 1862 to 1866, and in 1872 was first returned for Wick Burghs, which he represented in three Parliaments. He married, first in 1840, Marion, daughter of James Cairns, Esq.; and, secondly, in 1851, Emma, daughter of the late Henry Denison, Esq., of Daybrook, Notts.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Falk, 949, Broadway, New York.

H.M.S. "RAINBOW"

H.M.S. "RAINBOW," which, from January, 1875, until last week, lay in the Thames off Somerset House, and served as headquarters of the London Brigade of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, bears a name which is one of the oldest in the Navy. The first *Rainbow*, under Captain Bellingham, was with Drake at Cadiz in 1587, and, under Lord Henry Seymour, acted in the following year against the Spanish Armada, and was afterwards successively commanded by Fenner and by Monson—both naval heroes of no mean repute. She was a vessel of 26 guns, and she carried a crew of 250 men. The next *Rainbow*, of 742 tons, 40 guns, and 270 men, was built in 1616, and is associated in history with the names of Pennington and Mennes. The third vessel of the name was built about 1648, and was a 54-gun ship of 548 tons. The fourth was built in 1747, and rebuilt in 1761. She was a 44-gun ship, of 831 tons, and her complement consisted of 250 men and officers. In 1777, being then commanded by Sir George Collier, she had the honour of capturing the first frigate, the *Hancock*, which was ever taken by Britain from the revolted American colonies. Not long afterwards she became a receiving hulk at Woolwich, where she remained until after the beginning of the present century. The fifth *Rainbow*, a 20-gun sloop, was taken from the Danes in 1807, and added to the Navy. The sixth, a ship of 28 guns, and 503 tons, was built at Chatham in 1832, and, after a rather uneventful career, was sold in 1838. The seventh is the vessel for which the *Frolic* was last week substituted. She is one of the many 4-gun, 60-h.p. gunboats which were built at the time of the Russian War. Mr. Robert Mindry, R.N., who for many years has been in charge of her, reminds us that she was constructed by Messrs. Laird, of Birkenhead, and that she served as tender, first to the *Frederick William* (now known as the training-ship *Worcester*), and afterwards to the *Irresistible*. She is now practically worthless, and will doubtless be sold or broken up. Her place, as has been said, is taken by the gun-vessel *Frolic*, which was built at Chatham in 1872, and has only lately been put out of commission. The *Rainbow* is of only 235 tons, the *Frolic* is of 610 tons displacement. The new craft, therefore, is twice as large as the old, although she draws only about 2 ft. more water; and her size will permit of larger guns than could be conveniently carried by the *Rainbow* being worked on board of her. This, alone, is a great gain; for, of course, the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, in order to become efficient, should be allowed the best possible opportunities for making practical acquaintance with modern weapons. The new ship has, we believe, assumed the name of *Rainbow*, but we venture to hope that she will not bear it for long. A name which has for three centuries been connected with the service ought surely to be borne by a sea-going war-vessel rather than by a harbour craft, which, though destined to be very useful for training purposes, will never again carry the flag on blue water.

The Corps of Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers is one which every eligible young man who, although he has duties ashore, may have a hankering after gunnery and the sea, should think about joining. Last year a number of the men were allowed to take part in the Jubilee Review and subsequent manoeuvres. There are several annual occasions on which firing with heavy guns may be practised; there is also generally an opportunity for a cruise during the summer; and, finally, the value of the Corps, as forming part of the defences of the country, is now so thoroughly recognised by Government that, for the future, members will be given far more facilities than they have hitherto had for qualifying themselves to serve, in case of need, to good purpose.

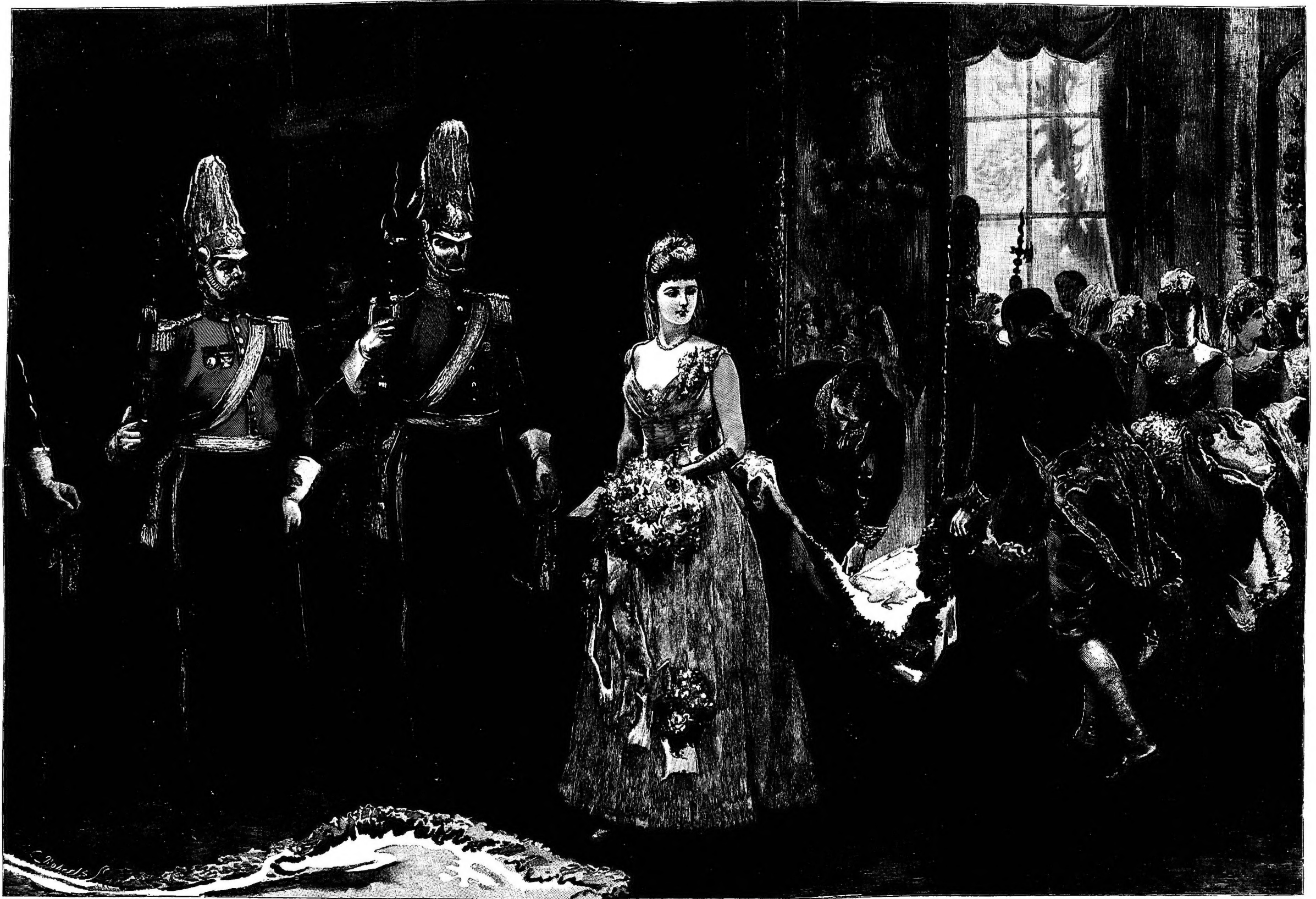
MY FIRST DRAWING ROOM

See page 579.

RACES AT HONG KONG

THE Hong Kong Jockey Club Race Meeting for the present year was held on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th February, and passed off very successfully, despite the fact that a great deal of rain fell on the first two days, rendering the ground rather sloppy. In consequence of the inclemency of the weather the attendance, until the third day, was smaller than usual. The Grand Stand was nicely ornamented with evergreens and flags, while the edge of the course was lined, for a good way on each side, with pot-flowers. The western side of the course was as usual lined with gaily-decked booths and stands, as well as huckster stalls and gambling tables. The eastern side was monopolised by the Chinese, who were not so numerous as last year, which was not to be wondered at, for the ground outside the course was little better than a swamp. The most interesting event of the first day was the Hong Kong Derby, which was won pretty easily by the favourite, Leap Year, belonging to Mr. John Peel of Shanghai. The Keetchong Cup on the third day was also won by Leap Year. "This was a most creditable win," says the *Overland China Mail*. "Leap Year showed himself made of good stuff, and was very cleverly jockeyed by Reynell." The contestants in these races were China ponies, and one of our engravings represents a string of winners from Mr. John Peel's stable.—Our engravings are from photographs by Mr. Kenneth M.K. Ross, of Hong Kong.

The barometer was highest (30.37 inches) on Thursday (24th ult.); lowest (29.74 inches) on Wednesday (30th ult.); range 0.65 inch.



THE MOMENT BEFORE PRESENTATION
A SKETCH AT HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING-ROOM



FRANCE is certainly the most abused country in Europe just now, and scarcely a week passes without some anti-Gallic utterance or "incident" being reported from Germany, Italy, or Austria-Hungary. This week it is the turn of Hungary, whose Premier, M. Tisza, has made a very disagreeable speech in the Diet on France and her political situation. The nominal subject of his discourse was the Paris International Exhibition of 1889, in which, like many other Monarchical countries, Austria-Hungary has declined to take an official part; but, not content with merely stating that his Government did not choose to join in commemorating a revolutionary anniversary, M. Tisza dwelt at length upon the excited condition of France, which might cause the Hungarian flag to be insulted, and then strongly advised Hungarians not to join in the Exhibition. "They would be running pecuniary risks," he declared, "besides those I have mentioned, and this would be highly imprudent of them. Although France is now at peace, nobody can guarantee that disorder may not shortly occur there. Let those who wish to exhibit do so, but it must be at their own risk, and contrary to our counsel." The real reason of this outburst is to be found in the tendency shown by France to support Russian policy in Eastern Europe. That M. Tisza was rather prompted by fear of Russia than enmity to France is rendered evident by the speech next day of Dr. Max Falk, a prominent deputy who acts as reporter to the Foreign Affairs Committee. Alluding to the enormous sum required for the Military Budget, Dr. Falk remarked, "Officially and openly Russia stands upon the Berlin Treaty, as we do, but her agents are everywhere to be found fomenting strife and revolution which may at a given time be most prejudicial to our national interests. . . . If we wait until Russia is quite ready to carry out her enterprises we may find ourselves suddenly involved in a great war, and having to cope at the same time with other troubles." There is certainly a strong feeling in Austro-Hungary that war with Russia is imminent, and the Government is consequently doubly anxious to avoid any further complications—such as might arise from Hungarian participation in the Paris Exhibition—which would induce France to conclude an alliance with Russia. Another version given by the *Times* correspondent for Austro-German hostility is that France now possesses in the Tromond-Lebel rifle, a far superior weapon to that in use in any other army.

GERMANY has followed up her action of last week—when she closed her Alsatian frontier to travellers who are not provided with a German *visé* passport—with another strongly-worded article in the *North German Gazette*, which describes the measure not as one of reprisal, but as the outcome of the whole policy for consolidating the reacquisition of Alsace and Lorraine. This policy, remarks the journal, is hindered by the preparations made by France for a war of revenge "by means of espionage and agitations," while the French Government has rather fostered than lessened the national hatred. "The continued increase in this hatred prevents Germans from entering France without being in danger of their lives." Germany does not wish for war, but it is desirable that the intercourse between the two nations should be restricted. "It will, therefore, not be regretted if France by taking counter-measures keeps Germans from visiting France, as dangerous frictions will thus as far as possible be avoided."

FRANCE, herself, is somewhat astonished at this spirit of boycotting on the part of both Germany and Austria-Hungary, and roundly accuses the latter of acting under Prince Bismarck's orders. The French Ambassador at Vienna has been to Count Kalnoky to ask for explanations of M. Tisza's utterances, and, of course, has been assured that no disrespect or ill-will was intended towards the French Government. This assurance, as might be supposed, has done nothing to soothe wounded French feelings, and journals of all shades are exceedingly bitter on the whole subject. As regards the German Passport ukase, the French, taking the bull by the horns, have arranged for the trains to Basle to pass by Delle, instead of by Mulhausen, German territory being thus altogether avoided; but the hostility suddenly evinced by Hungary to France has aroused a much deeper feeling of indignation, especially as the French pride themselves upon having always manifested a keen sympathy with the Hungarians. England, Germany, Italy, and Russia have all declined officially to take part in the Exhibition, but in no case has the refusal been accompanied by such warlike utterances. Many people attribute the action of the two Central Powers to the wave of Boulangerism which has been passing over France, and to the apprehension that, should Boulanger become Dictator, he would at once initiate a War of Revenge. The popular general and his daily doings have been somewhat overshadowed this week, not only by these foreign utterances, but by a Communist riot in Père la Chaise cemetery, where two sections of the extreme party, the "Communists" and the "Anarchists," who were making pilgrimages with wreaths to the graves of the Communist leaders, came to blows. One of the latter, named Lucas, who was waving a black flag inscribed "The Martyrs of Chicago," fired several shots with a revolver, and wounded a couple of his adversaries. He escaped by dropping from a high wall, but his leg was injured in the fall, and he has since been arrested. The Anarchists are thoroughgoing anti-Boulangerists, and tell all sorts of stories about his proceedings in 1871, and their rallying cry is "Down with Boulanger—Down with Rochefort." The Royalists have also had a fling at the popular idol this week, probably to dissipate a wide-spread idea that he was working in their interests. General de Charette, speaking at a Royalist banquet, vigorously denounced the soldier-politician, as also, be it said, his Republican opponents. Commenting upon the divided condition of political parties, he naturally reverted to the position of the Royalists, and declared that monarchy had lost none of its rights.

RUSSIA has been celebrating with much jubilation the opening on Sunday of the Samarkand section of the Transcaspian Railway. This portion of the line runs from Mikhailovsk or Ossoun Ada on the Caspian through Merv to Samarkand, and the section just completed is from Merv to Samarkand, which is now brought to within ten days' journey of St. Petersburg. There is a railway line from the capital to the Caspian, save for about 150 miles, over the Caucasus from Vladikavkas to Tiflis. A fine road exists, however, across the mountains which can be traversed by carriage in eighteen hours. Rail is taken again to Baku, whence a steamer runs to Ossoun Ada, where the line was begun in 1871, but it was not decided to carry it on to Samarkand until the Penjdeh dispute threatened to bring about a war with England. The Russians are hoping for great trade advantages from the new line, which will open out markets for Russian goods throughout Central Asia, and Russian journals are now dwelling strongly upon the importance of connecting it with the Indian railway system, which they assert would serve the mutual interests of both England and Russia. The military advantages of the new line are not disguised, and in a pamphlet written on the subject by M. Vatzlik, and quoted by the *Times*, it is stated that at the present time Russia has at her disposal a very considerable armed force in Central Asia in case the necessity arises for advancing against an enemy. "At Askhabad,

Merv, Sarakhs, Penjdeh, Chardjui, and Verki in the direction of India, Afghanistan, or Persia, reserves and supplies can be stored and rapidly pushed on from all sides. Thus, in a comparatively short space of time, an army of 100,000 men could be concentrated at the scene of action." According to the *Svet*, however, "No sensible Russian regards the railway as a means to the conquest of India, but . . . finally to bring about a pacific and definitive arrangement between England and Russia in regard to Afghanistan."

IN INDIA the attack on the Gnatong encampment by the Tibetans, which was repulsed last week, is to be punished by an advance of our troops into Tibet. Reinforcements have been ordered up to the front, and it is expected that the advance may very likely be continued to Lhasa itself. The Tibetan soldiers are said to have exhibited considerable energy and courage in delivering the attack, but were beaten by the superiority of our arms. Most of those killed were regular soldiers armed with matchlocks, though it is believed that some carried rifles. There is little Indian news proper. The Queen's birthday was celebrated everywhere by parades and salutes, and at Ootacamund Her Majesty's portrait was unveiled by the Governor. A severe epidemic of cholera has broken out at Ahmedabad. From BURMA the news wholly relates to what is euphemistically termed "the work of stamping out dacoity"—a work to which there seems to be no end, and which offers no prospect of speedy accomplishment. The loyal Tsawbwa has re-entered his capital, which was evacuated by the Karens on the advance of the troops. "The country," we are told, "has been terribly devastated by pillage and fire, and great scarcity of food is anticipated."

IN THE UNITED STATES the Senate has been discussing the Fisheries Treaty in open session. One orator, Mr. Frye, has declared that Canada's treatment of American fishermen was barbarous, and would have led to a declaration of war seventy-five years ago. It was characterised by every conceivable outrage, wrong, and injustice, and the Treaty was the most disgraceful surrender that the United States had ever made. He protested that the headlands theory had never been more than theory, and had never been reduced to practice except in two cases, when the theory was overruled. Finally the debate was adjourned until June 11th, so that the senators might attend the St. Louis Democratic Convention. Meanwhile the Canadian Government are already issuing licences to American fishermen under the two years' *modus vivendi*, which, for a fee of 6s. per ton, give the right to buy bait, ice, seines, lines, and other supplies, and also of transshipping the catch, and shipping crews. General Sheridan, the Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, and the last of the generals who commanded in the Civil War, is seriously ill with valvular disease of the heart. Mr. Blaine has finally declined to be nominated by the Republicans for the Presidency.

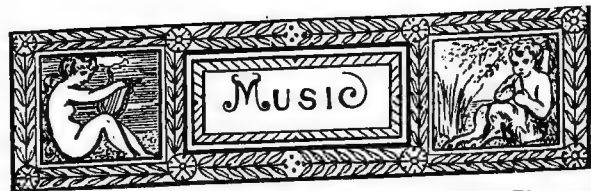
MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—The French having been charged with attempting to annex one of the Minquier Islands lying between Jersey and the Brittany coast, by hoisting the tricolour on Maitresse Isle, the largest of the group, have replied that they have always been recognised as a French possession, and that they have had a lighthouse there in working order since 1865.—In GERMANY the Emperor's health continues fairly good. He is able to drive out every day. On Tuesday he witnessed a march-past of his son's regiment, and yesterday (Friday) was to move from Charlottenburg to the Friedrichs Kron Palace at Potsdam.—In SOUTH AFRICA last week Sir H. Robinson on opening the Cape Parliament congratulated the country on its unprecedented prosperity, its peaceful state, the buoyancy of its revenue, its enormous mineral wealth, and the general confidence resulting from its improved relations with its neighbours.



THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY is being kept officially in London and the provinces to-day (Saturday). There will be the usual trooping of the colours at the Horse Guards, where the members of the Royal Family in town will be present; and in the evening official banquets and receptions will be held, besides the customary illuminations. Her Majesty meanwhile continues at Balmoral with Prince and Princess Henry and their children, and the Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein. Owing to favourable weather, the Royal party have made numerous excursions, having been to the Danzig Shiel, to Birkhall, to Glen Gelder Shiel, round the Lion's Face, and through Braemar. Lord Stanley of Preston has kissed hands on his appointment as Governor-General of Canada, Lady Stanley accompanying her husband. The Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees arrived on Saturday, and dined with the Queen, Viscount Cross also joining the party; and next morning Dr. Lees officiated at Divine Service before Her Majesty, the Princesses, and Prince Henry. The additions to Balmoral which have been made during the spring were only just completed when the Royal party arrived. The new rooms are intended for Prince and Princess Henry and their children.

The Prince of Wales has come home from his brief visit to Berlin. Before leaving Germany the Prince went to Stolpe, in Pomerania, the garrison town of the Blücher Hussars, of which he is Colonel. A most enthusiastic reception awaited him, the townspeople making holiday, and smothering their guest with bouquets, while a review of the regiment and a lunch with the officers were included in the day's programme. On Saturday the Prince witnessed the Brigade exercises on the Tempelhof field at Berlin, under the German Crown Prince, and lunched with the Imperial party at Charlottenburg, driving afterwards with Emperor Frederick to Schloss-Bellevue in the Thiergarten, where the brothers-in-law parted. A farewell dinner party took place at the British Embassy in the evening, and the Prince then left by the night train, being seen off by most of his princely relatives. The Prince travelled to England *via* Flushing to Queensborough in the ordinary mail boat, reaching Marlborough House on Sunday evening. The Princess and daughters rejoined him in town on Monday, and Prince Albert Victor also arrived from York to be present at the annual dinner of the Ninth Lancers in the evening. The Prince of Wales himself went to the dinner of the Grenadier Guards, while on Tuesday night he was present at the banquet of the First Life Guards. On Wednesday the Royal party witnessed the Derby, and in the evening the Prince gave his annual gentlemen's dinner at Marlborough House; while yesterday (Friday) the Prince and Princess were expected at Epsom for the Oaks. To-day (Saturday) they attend the birthday trooping of colours, and go to Lady Salisbury's reception in the evening.—Next Tuesday the Prince will inspect the Royal Body Guard of the Yeomen of the Guard, and present them with the Jubilee Medal. The Prince has postponed the opening of the New Gymnasium of the Central Young Men's Christian Association, Exeter Hall, until the 7th June.

The King of Sweden is expected in London this week to fetch home the Queen, who has been in very bad health at Bournemouth.—The Emperor of Brazil is a little better, and is to go to Aix-les-Bains as soon as he is strong enough. His Majesty's condition fluctuates greatly, and causes much anxiety.—Another invalid Sovereign, the King of Portugal, has been out walking for the first time since his attack of pleurisy.



THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS.—*The Pirates of Penzance*, after a short run, will be withdrawn on June 7, and, as no fresh work is ready, it is proposed to fill up time with a revival of *The Mikado*. But Mr. Gilbert, watching the signs of the times, seems to have formed an impression that the school of parody times, and paradox ought now to have a rest. He therefore intends that the new opera, so far at any rate as the libretto is concerned, shall take a more serious turn. We already have Mr. Gilbert's own authority to state that the scene of the first act of the new work will be laid in the Tower of London, in the reign of Henry VIII., and reports have been current that Mr. Gilbert also contemplates a skit upon the married state, in connection with the history of the much-wedded monarch. As, however, the real plots of these operas are seldom disclosed far in advance, and as the public are in such matters frequently led on a false scent, it will be advisable to accept these and similar rumours with all due caution. It is at any rate certain that only half the new libretto is completely finished, and that the music is, as yet, hardly even sketched.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The easiest method to adopt in the case of the present opera season will be to briefly notice the performances night by night. Meanwhile, the remark may be made that the present monopoly is not at all likely to occur again. Next year not only will Mr. Mapleson again be available, but Mr. Carl Rosa also will be in the field. The operatic monopoly so far has given us several average and a few really good performances, which have all been uniformly largely attended. It is Mr. Harris's good fortune that he has no "star" against him. A few representations at a rival house by Madame Patti (who is in South America) or by Madame Nilsson (who is about to retire from public life), would suffice to upset many wise managerial calculations.

On Thursday, last week, Madame Melba appeared as Lucia, in Donizetti's opera, and she was announced to repeat the impersonation on Tuesday. "Lucia," at best, is a hackneyed work in which Sir Walter Scott is woefully parodied. At Covent Garden the clansmen now appear in powdered *peruques* and their lasses in Pompadour gowns. So many *prime donne* have during the last half century sung Lucia that there is very little scope left for originality of treatment. Madame Melba (who appeared here some two years since in concerts, and who is an Australian by birth) did not attempt anything of the sort; although in her vocalisation she justly pleased her audience, save when she forced her voice, and consequently sang out of tune. Her next appearance in some less familiar opera will be expected with interest.

On Saturday Mozart's *Figaro* was put on the stage; and, as a new *dansante* was to appear, the version of Weber's "Invitation à la Valse," orchestrated by Berlioz for a performance of *Robin le Bois* (*Der Freischütz*) at the Paris Grand Opéra was interpolated. It elicited some of the most trenchant criticism which has for of late years appeared in the daily papers concerning opera, and the ballet of course has since disappeared. The cast was, however, a good, if not a strong one. Madame Albani and Miss Ella Russell as the Countess and Susanna were at their best, but Miss Arnoldson, despite her pretty voice, was a somewhat childish Cherubino, and Signor del Puente anything but an ideal Almaviva. As *Figaro* Signor Cotogni sang the music with all the facility of a veteran artist.

On Monday *Carmen* served for the *rentrée* of Madame Minnie Hauk, who has long since made Prosper Merimée's not altogether delectable heroine her own. Madame Hauk never sang better, nor acted more vivaciously, and the cast was likewise improved by the engagement of Signor Ravelli as the officer lover. Next week we are promised a grand revival of *L'Africaine*, for the reappearance of MM. Lassalle and Jean de Reszke.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—Dr. Richter, after his successes at the Lower Rhine Festival last week, returned to London, and gave the third of his orchestral concerts on Monday. He introduced no novelties, but gave a splendid performance of Liszt's eccentric *Totentanz*, the pianoforte part in which was once more played by M. Fritz Hartvigson. Equal praise can hardly be accorded to the prelude to *Tannhäuser*, with its concert sequel the *Venusburg* music, in which the strings of the orchestra were hardly sufficiently strong, nor to Brahms' second symphony.—On Saturday, Señor Sarasate gave his third concert, and played Mendelssohn's violin concerto, which is the most popular piece in his repertory. The performance was a magnificent one, save as to the last movement, which was again taken so fast that the wind instruments of the orchestra could hardly keep pace with the soloist. M. Saint-Saëns' third concerto and Señor Sarasate's own paraphrase of airs from *Carmen* were likewise in the programme.—On Wednesday evening, at the studio of Mr. Pettie, R.A., Mr. Hamish McCunn gave his first orchestral concert. In a comparatively small room, never intended for musical performances at all, and where even a modest and necessarily ill-balanced band proved deafening, it was hardly wise to attempt the works of Schumann and Wagner—to say nothing of Mr. McCunn's own *Ship o' the Fiend* and *Land of the Mountain and the Flood*—which demand all the resources of a modern orchestra. Nor has the youthful composer yet the practical experience to conduct such a performance of this sort. The most satisfactory item of the programme was a new baritone drinking song, "Pour Forth the Ruby Wine," set by Mr. McCunn to a short and characteristic poem by Professor Blackie.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The miscellaneous concerts of the week have, as usual during the last part of May, been numerous, but next week they will be increased, as upwards of forty performances have already been announced.—One of the most interesting was the recital given by Madame Sophie Menter, who played Beethoven's Sonata Op. 109 in somewhat perfunctory fashion, but was heard to far better advantage in smaller pieces by Schumann and Scarlatti, and in some of Liszt's transcriptions of Schubert's songs.—At Mr. Hallé's recital there were no novelties, but Brahms' new pianoforte trio was again performed, and Mr. Hallé himself played Beethoven's Sonata Op. 90.—At the concert given on Monday by a gifted Scandinavian vocalist, Mr. Ragnar Grevillius, the concert-giver sang with marked success the air "O God have mercy," from *St. Paul*, and songs by Schumann and Madame White, and a rising young Swedish pianist, Miss Anna Lang, played several solos.—Concerts have also been given by the Royal College Students, by Mr. Carter at the Albert Hall (at which Miss Nikita and Mr. Sims Reeves appeared), by the Sisters d'Occhieppo (who played upon two pianos in unison works written for pianoforte solo), by Signor Denza (several of whose songs were sung), by Mr. Charles Mapleson, Mr. Harvey Löhr, Mr. and Mrs. Francesco Berger, Miss Helen Townsend, and numerous others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Herr Johann Svendsen, who appeared in this country in 1867 and in 1878, was announced to make his first appearance as a conductor at the final evening Philharmonic Concert.—Dr. von Bülow has arrived, and will on Monday give his first recital since 1882.—Miss Constance Bache has resolved to place the whole of the Liszt and other scores in the library of her brother, the late Mr. Walter Bache, at the disposal of conductors and concert-givers.—Herr Hermann Franke, formerly Director of the Richter Concerts, has been seriously ill of brain disease, but is

now happily reported better.—Mr. Barton M'Guckin will join the Carl Rosa Company next autumn, and will in the course of the season create one of the two principal tenor parts in the English adaptation of Halévy's *The Jewess*.



ON Thursday the House of Commons met after the Whitsun recess, the House of Lords very properly extending their holidays. It is proverbially well not to impose upon the amiability of a willing horse, and as the House of Lords on at least one occasion before the recess sat up to eight o'clock the necessity for prolonged rest is demonstrated. Moreover, in what is left of the Session their lordships are likely to be occupied with very important work. Lord Salisbury, in fulfilment of a pledge given to Lord Dunraven, is understood to have in his pigeon-hole a Bill for the Reform of the House of Lords. It is strictly limited to two points. But these are not unimportant. It will arrange for the strengthening of the position of the House by the admission of life peers, and, working at the other end, will remove a source of weakness by lopping off what are euphoniously known as "black sheep." The House of Commons has the fundamental advantage over the Upper House that from time to time it is subject to a process of revision. A man of notoriously bad character may sit for a Session or even for a Parliament. But when the day of election comes round he is certain to be made short work of. Once a peer always a peer, and some men whose names have been familiar to the public chiefly, if not entirely, through the medium of the police-courts and other criminal tribunals, have at present an inalienable right to take part in the legislative business of the House of Lords, their vote on a division balancing that of Lord Salisbury, Lord Granville, or the Archbishop of Canterbury. Lord Salisbury, every one, not least the House of Lords, is glad to know, has made up his mind to change that. It will be something that the most exclusive body in the world will presently have the privilege of closing its chamber door against members of its order whom no decent society would admit on equal terms.

There is nothing to equal the alacrity with which the House of Commons separates for a holiday, unless it be the leisurely manner in which it returns to work. On Thursday, as is customary on the opening day after a recess, there was a comparatively scanty attendance. The holiday has been a very fair one as Parliamentary recesses go. Last year, the Easter recess was practically absorbed, and the Whitsun holidays did not make up for the deprivation. This year there has been an Easter recess of the customary length, and a Whitsun recess of really ample proportions. Still there is a considerable sprinkling of members who always extend the holiday whatever its length may be. They have, in particular, a rooted objection to returning in the middle of a week. On Monday the real business will commence, and we shall then probably find the benches fairly full.

In accordance with time-honoured custom, the House resuming after the recess promptly found itself in Committee of Supply. Just before it separated for the holidays, a little vote of nearly four millions and a half was taken on account of the Estimates. That is a convenient process which enables any body of men to carry on the Queen's Government. But it does not relieve the House from the necessity of more or less minutely considering every vote. The Civil Service Estimates cover every Department of the State, except those relating to the Army and Navy. The limit of interest is boundless, and he is a poor practitioner who cannot find in the manifold items some one on which he can move an amendment and make a speech. Just now there is quite a run on the salaries of Ministers. The present Government have been honourably distinguished by their efforts to introduce economy into the National expenditure. Members of the House of Commons, profiting by their example, have eagerly followed in their footsteps, and, on the principle that economy begins at home, have put down amendments to reduce the salaries of nearly every Minister.

This is a grim pleasantry made possible by Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. Labouchere. There was a time not far distant when a profound sensation would have run through the House of Commons on the announcement that some member seriously proposed to reduce the salary of a Minister. Now the joke is played so often that the edge of its wit is worn away, and it has come to be quite a commonplace. When the House took up the Estimates on Thursday there were on the paper eight distinct motions to reduce the salaries of Ministers, from the Chief Secretary for Ireland to the Lord Advocate, and from the Attorney-General to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Nothing personally offensive is meant by the manoeuvre. It is simply a convenient way of raising a question affecting the department of the Minister whose name is invoked. No Minister's salary ever has been reduced in this way, nor is it likely that the joke will be carried to that practical conclusion.

Like all other business on the Ministerial programme Committee of Supply is in a forward state. It would be difficult to find any Session in which, at this particular date, so many votes have been obtained as the Committee have sanctioned. Just before the Easter recess the House passed one or two nights in Committee dealing with the Votes in a manner that made the heart of the Secretary to the Treasury rejoice. It would be an error to suppose that this accelerated progress is accompanied by any tendency to scamp the work. Precisely the contrary is the fact. In these still halcyon days, when the House of Commons gets into Committee as early as half-past four, sits steadily at work till midnight, and passes whole classes of votes, there is much more supervisory work done than was the case at any time during the existence of the Parliament of 1880, when it sometimes happened that after a long wrangle the House got into Committee just before midnight, and in an exhausted condition spasmodically passed half a dozen votes. Committee of Supply is to-day really reasserting its old character as a collection of business men, sharply and shrewdly interrogative, wanting to know the reason for the spending of every pound, and watchful to repress any tendency towards lavish expenditure.

It is not only in respect of Supply that the beneficent effect of the New Rules of Procedure is seen. All other work is in a forward state, and with the new division of the Session there comes into force a hitherto untried rule, which is likely greatly to aid in the despatch of business. In former times such good work as had been achieved before Whitsuntide was wont to suffer thereafter because of the limited time available and the number of Bills which jostled each other in eager attempt to secure precedence. All that will be changed, under a salutary Rule which has not yet had opportunity of challenging public attention. It is ordered that hereafter—that is to say, after Whitsuntide—public Bills other than Government Bills shall be arranged in the Order Book so as to give priority to Bills most advanced. For example, of a dozen measures, supposing four are in Committee, four have passed the second reading, and four still await a second reading, the last four will be practically dropped. The first four will be pushed forward, and if, when they have passed their final stages, there is still time, Bills which have passed the second reading will be taken up, and whatever is possible done to advance them to the Statute Book. This is an admirable husbanding of time, which promises to have substantial effect upon the achievements of the Session.



THE SPECIAL SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES in the nave of Westminster Abbey will begin to-morrow (Sunday) evening, at seven o'clock.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON has declined to sanction the legal proceedings which the Church Association desired to take in the matter of the reredos at St. Paul's. The chief ground assigned for his refusal was that the main question of principle involved was decided in the Exeter case, in which the erection of a somewhat similar reredos was declared to be lawful.

UPWARDS OF SEVENTY COLONIAL BISHOPS will attend the service to be held in Canterbury Cathedral, on Saturday, June 30th (not June 28th, as is widely supposed), in connection with the Lambeth Conference. The sermon will be preached by the Primate.

THE VALUABLE LIVING OF ALLHALLOWS, Lombard Street (885*l.* per annum), vacant through the death of the Rev. Prebendary Mackenzie, has been conferred by the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury on the Rev. George Rawlinson (brother of Sir Henry Rawlinson), Canon of Canterbury, and Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford, well known as the translator of Herodotus, the historian of ancient Egypt and of the great monarchies of the ancient Eastern world, as a Biblical commentator, and by contributions to theological and evidential literature.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF EDINBURGH, according to the *Tablet*, was invited to dine at Holyrood Palace by the Lord High Commissioner (Lord Hopetoun) at the banquet given after the opening of the General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland, now in session at Edinburgh. "This," the *Tablet* adds, "is the first occasion on which such a compliment has been paid by Her Majesty's representative to the head of the Catholic Church in Scotland."

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Society of Friends in Great Britain, at their yearly meeting on Tuesday, after a long discussion, virtually declined to accept a "declaration of faith" formulated by a conference of the representatives of American and European Quakerism held last autumn at Richmond, Indiana, U.S. At the annual assembly of the Irish Friends, held in Dublin a fortnight ago, a very similar decision was arrived at.—The total membership of the Wesleyan Methodist Communion in England, according to the new official returns, is 475,808. The net increase in membership during the past twelvemonth was 3,510.—The British and Foreign Unitarian Association has been holding the sixty-third series of its anniversary meetings. Although the reports received from the twelve local unions were satisfactory, the Council intimated with regret that, out of the forty English counties, only eight presented anything like a fair proportion of Unitarian congregations, while in seven of them Unitarianism is not represented at all in any organised form.

MY FIRST DRAWING ROOM

FRIDAY morning, February 24th, dawned very cheerlessly, the light revealing nothing more pleasant than snow-covered roofs, and an atmosphere thick with eddying flakes. It was a bad prospect for certain Londoners who were that day to don Court apparel and pay their respects to Her Majesty. Of this number I was one. I was to be presented by my cousin, and I looked forward to the ceremonial with the mingled feelings that such a prospect may be supposed to inspire.

The proceedings began for me with the arrival of the Court hair-dresser, a superb gentleman with a most dazzling shirt-front. He conversed affably whilst he operated, and his opinions on the subject of wraps were very valuable. He was pleased to accept a slight recognition of his services on departing; and when I had been inducted into a cabful of silk, tulle, and flowers, had accomplished the usual *tableau vivant* on a white sheet spread in the drawing-room; when, in short, the painful preparations were all completed, we drove off at last—an hour behind time. If it had been a full Drawing Room we should certainly have missed seeing the Queen, and one of us, at least, would have been sadly disappointed—for when the Court is very fully attended Her Majesty does not stay till the end, the Princess of Wales supplying her place with late comers.

On this occasion, however, Her Majesty had scarcely time to grow weary, for, owing to the bitter weather, this, the first Drawing Room of the season, was one of the smallest on record. The presentations numbered only a little over a hundred. Thus we had no long cold waiting in a *queue* of carriages, and the few spectators who lined the road can have gained little satisfaction from their glimpses of our shrouded figures as we drove rapidly from gate to gate, and were landed at the portico of the Palace. Leaving our wraps in the cloak room we proceeded through many lofty halls and galleries, which left on me only a vague impression of pictures and mirrors, painting and gilding, the silk stockings of footmen and the red dresses of Beefeaters—one nineteenth century Beefeater wore spectacles—until we reached, somewhere between two and half-past, the room where the outermost fringe of people was waiting near a fire of truly regal proportions. The snow had stopped by this time, and the sun illuminated the white trees and lawns without, and threw a pleasant radiance on the portraits of the Georges, the shimmering colours of the ladies' dresses, and the delicate flowers they carried; while a few scattered uniforms, and the scarlet and gold and plumed helmets of the Gentlemen-at-Arms at the barriers, contributed a more decided tone of colour to the scene.

Amongst the various Court costumes, a plain black evening dress was remarkable. The wearer (I was told) was *The Graphic* artist, who, seated rather in the background, appeared to be making good use of his opportunities.

Once or twice there was a general movement in the room beyond, on a rumour that the doors were about to be opened, but the Queen did not arrive till about ten minutes past three, when the occupants of the first room, consisting of those who had the *entrée*, were, of course, first received. The unprivileged were then admitted, and these last pressed eagerly through the entrances, although there was no occasion for haste. At the door of the *entrée* room we were stopped by the Gentlemen-at-Arms, who had received orders not to pass more than twenty-five at a time. Leading out of this is the ante-room, at the entrance of which, I, following in my cousin's wake, dropped my long train, which was spread out by a footman, transferred fan (oh, mockery!), bouquet, and right hand glove to the left hand, and, at the door of the Presence Chamber, handed my presentation card to a page on my left. This was passed on till it reached the Lord Chamberlain (standing next to the Queen), who read out "To be presented, Miss (let us say) Mary Ann Brown." As I came up to Her Majesty, I made my curtsy and kissed her hand, placing my right beneath it, and passed on, dropping curtsies to the Princess of Wales and the other members of the Royal Family, who stood on her left. (Opposite Her Majesty stand the ambassadors, diplomatic corps, &c.) Having accomplished this as rapidly as possible—for graceful dawdling is disliked—I again

received my train, of which the glories were only exhibited for those brief moments, and after retiring a few steps backwards, turned and left the room.

The whole thing passed like a dream. I had scarcely time to be nervous; but although I had received special instructions to hold my bouquet well out of the Queen's way (for Her Majesty is affected by the strong fragrance of flowers), to enter with proper dignity, to curtsy in the absolutely correct manner, and to raise my eyes respectfully as I saluted—yet at the supreme moment I was, like Dominic Sampson, "oblivious" of these things, and gained but the most shadowy impressions of the Royal personages before me. All descriptions subsequently extracted by too-persistent friends were figments of the imagination, for I was aware of scarcely anything beyond the fact that the well-loved face of our Queen wore its most gracious expression, and that the Princess of Wales looked, as she always does look, lovely.

When our part of the ceremony was over, we took up a position in the gallery beyond the Throne-Room, from whence we could admire the dresses and watch the trains being put down. Until recently people were allowed to advance much nearer, so that the actual presentation could be witnessed; but there was so much pushing and whispering, that, by the Queen's orders, a cord was stretched across at some little distance down the gallery, carefully guarded by red-coats and battle-axes—and the vision of that Eden was shut out from us.

A large looking-glass extended along one side of the ante-room, in which not a few ladies took a prolonged prink as they advanced towards the Throne-Room, to the great edification of the on-lookers. I had never discovered the existence of a looking-glass there!

The whole was over soon after four o'clock, and our day ended with the photographer and a "train-tea;" after which, presumably, Cinderella returned to sad-coloured garments, and the amount of attention accorded to ordinary mortals in a workaday world.

M. A. B.



THE performance of *The Taming of the Shrew* by the Daly Company at the Gaiety on Tuesday evening did not, unfortunately, realise the expectations which had been awakened by the reports of the great success of this revival in New York. Little interest was aroused in the restored "Induction," which was rather hurriedly played before a mere painted cloth, whereon the artist had depicted an alehouse, and a landscape more suggestive of the Southern States of the Union in these times than anything that the imagination could well associate with English life and localities in Elizabethan days. Nor did Mr. William Gilbert's portrait of Christopher Sly, the tinker, fulfil the reader's notions of that reckless and self-satisfied toper. Whether it was worth while to restore the Induction, the idea of which Shakespeare and his coadjutors (for more than one hand is clearly traceable in the comedy) took from the older play, is more than doubtful; but, if it was worth doing at all, it deserved better treatment than it receives. The brightest feature in the comedy that follows is the Katherine of Miss Ada Rehan, who, unlike most of her predecessors, is careful to avoid depicting a mere virago, and who speaks her lines with rare grace and feeling. Mr. John Drew, on the other hand, imparts to the character of Petruchio too much of the genuine domestic tyrant. His impersonation in brief wanted the humorous exaggeration and the only half-suppressed merriment which permit the spectator to feel that Petruchio's very loudest blusterings are mere assumptions. Owing to its intricacy, and partly to the excisions and transpositions of Mr. William Winter's acting copy, the underplot left no clear impression on the mind of the spectator, and dulness and languor must be acknowledged to have been the chief characteristics of the performance. Nevertheless, Mr. James Lewis's Grumio and Mrs. Gilbert's Curtis present some genuinely artistic traits of humour, and Miss Phoebe Russell's Bianca, Mr. Joseph Holland's Hortensio, and Mr. Otis Skinner's Lucentio, were each and all creditable performances. The scenery of the revival is curiously unequal in merit. The poverty and inappropriateness of the opening scene we have already noted. The second scene, which purports to depict a State bed-chamber in an English nobleman's house in the days of Elizabeth, is simply bewildering in its gaudy vulgarity. On the other hand the interior of Baptista's house is rich and handsome, though the effect is marred by the introduction of a huge fantastic couch with chairs to match, all gilded in the reckless and dazzling style of the Lord Mayor's coach. The finest scene of all, Lucentio's banquet hall, was reserved to the last, and was really a triumph of scenic art.

The annual performance for the benefit of the Theatrical Fund will take place at DRURY LANE on Thursday afternoon next. As usual, a varied programme of entertainments has been organised, embracing the services of numerous popular performers.

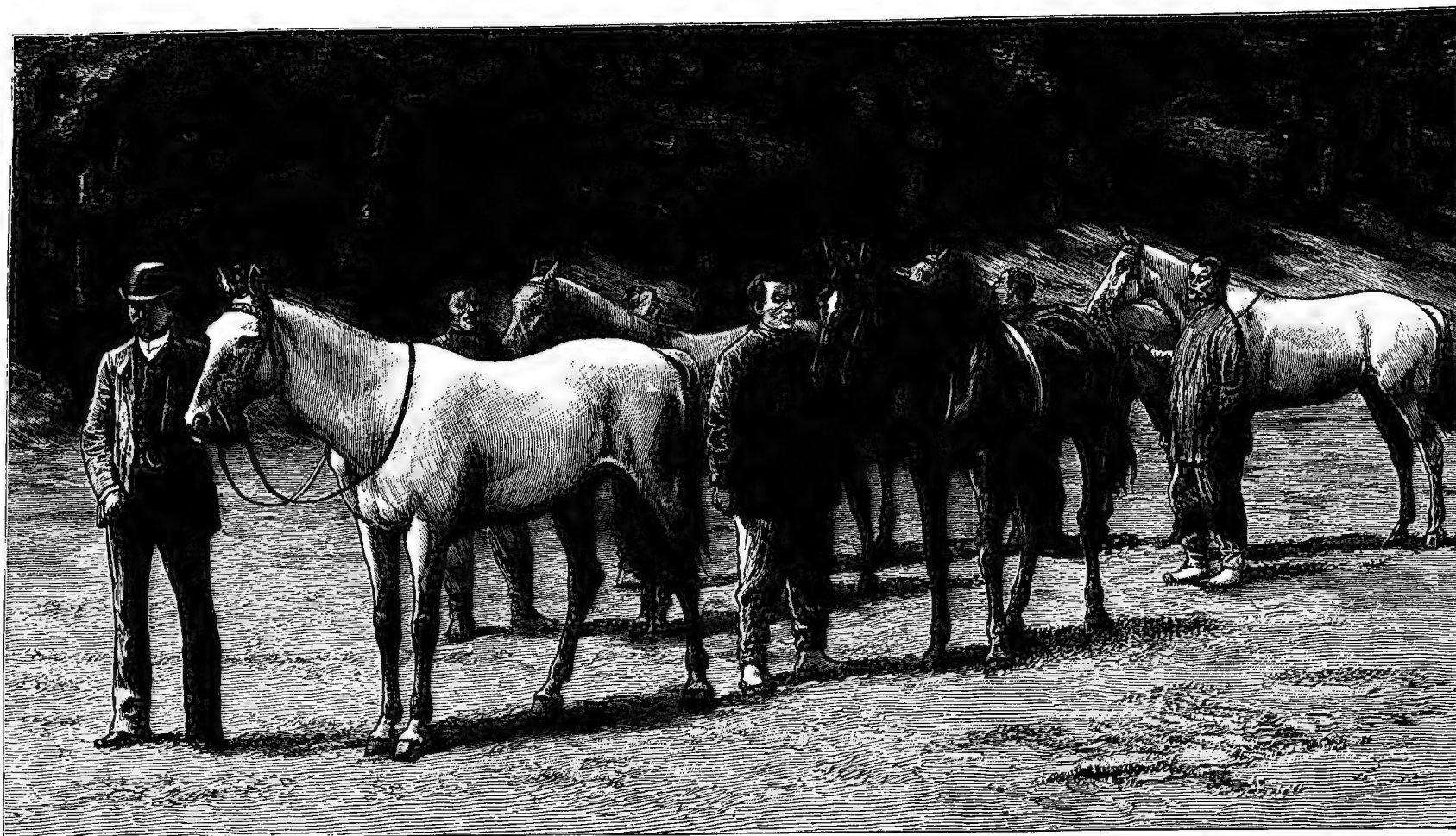
Mrs. Bernard-Beere, having brought to a close the performance of *Ariane*, is now appearing nightly at the OPERA COMIQUE as Peg Woffington in *Masks and Faces*. This piece is revived, however, only for a limited number of nights, pending the production of a new drama in preparation.

Saturday evening performances are now discontinued at the ST. JAMES'S as well as at the LYCEUM. A weekly *matinée*, in each case, compensates the patrons of these houses.

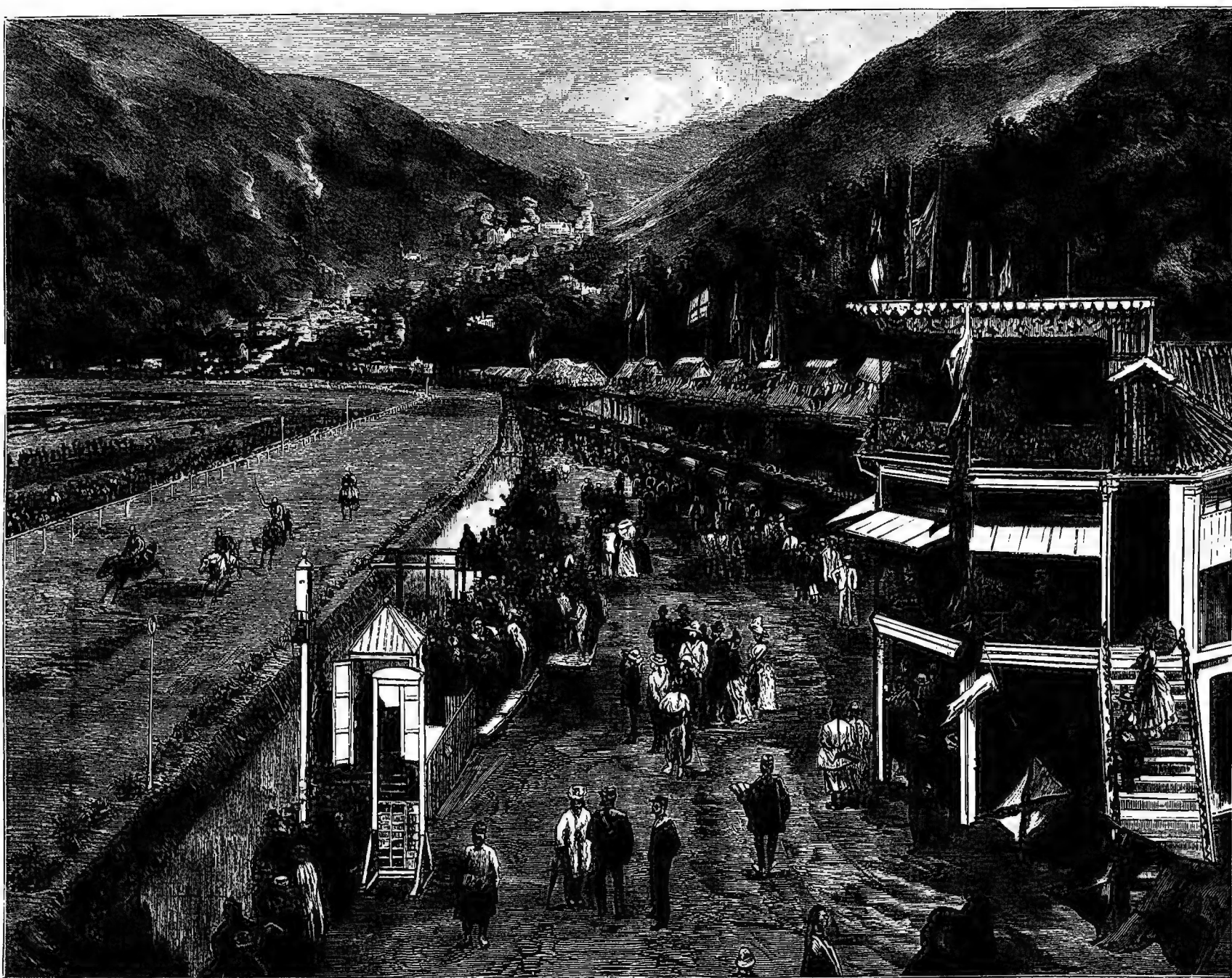
THE CRYSTAL PALACE fireworks season was inaugurated on the Queen's Birthday, in Queen's weather, and will be continued every Thursday throughout the season. This year's special feature is a great set-piece, representing the rout and flight of the Spanish Armada, off Calais, in August, 1588. This piece is more than an acre in extent. There are also a Great Golden Shower, or Niagara of Fire, an Electrical Firewheel—the largest yet fired—together with revolving fountains, transformation rockets, flights of star-discharging parachutes, and other pyrotechnic novelties. The illuminated garden *fêtes*, lawn promenades, and pastoral ballets will commence on June 9th.



AT THE REOPENING OF THE LAW COURTS, on Tuesday, Mr. Justice Chitty, in the Chancery Division, heard an application by Lady Scott, as "next friend" of her daughter, Miss Mabel Scott, a young lady of about twenty, for the committal of Lord James Douglas to prison for breaches of orders of the Court binding him to abstain from communicating directly or indirectly with Miss Scott. It seems that the respondent, after having unsuccessfully proposed marriage to the young lady, continued to forward to her communications so objectionable that the protection of the Court was asked for, and given to her as mentioned. Twice, however, he broke the injunction, on each occasion apologising, and promising



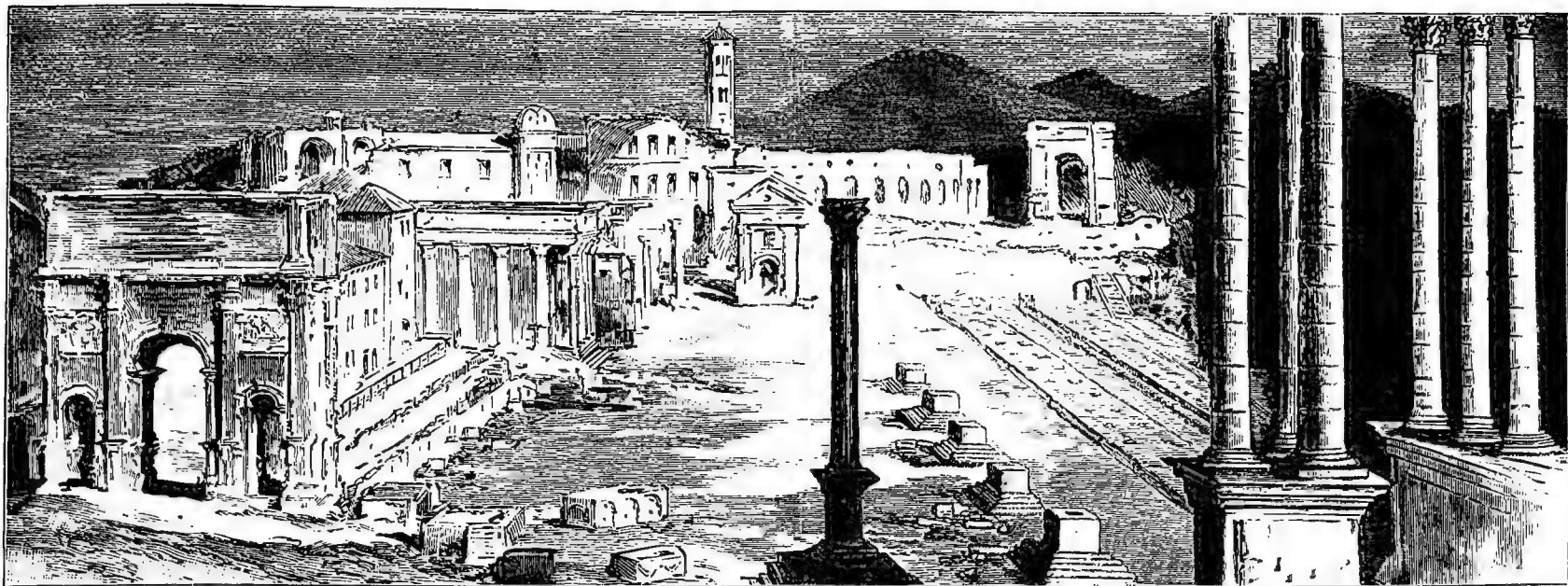
"LEAP YEAR," WINNER OF THE HONG KONG DERBY, AND A STRING OF WINNERS FROM MR. JOHN PEEL'S STABLES



GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURSE IN THE HAPPY VALLEY

THE HONG KONG DERBY

NOTES AT THE ANNUAL RACE-MEETING OF THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB



THE ROMAN FORUM



THE HUNTING TENT OF THE LATE KING VICTOR EMANUEL



A GONDOLA



A TUSCAN FARM



THE MARKET PLACE

to conform to it in future. His third and last offence lay mainly in his sending Miss Scott a Christmas card, which the Judge described as "an insult to any lady or any woman in any position of life." Once more his counsel tendered his apologies and a promise not to offend again, but this time the Court gave an order for his committal. Mr. Justice Chitty said, however, that he would listen to an application for the respondent's release after he had been a fortnight in custody.

THE HEARING OF THE ACTION FOR LIBEL brought by Mr. Frank O'Donnell against the *Times* is fixed for June 19th. It is to be tried before Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and a special jury. The Attorney-General leads for the *Times*.

EIGHT MEMBERS of the band, all of them under twenty, by one of whom what is known as the Regent's Park murder of last week was perpetrated, were brought before the Marylebone police-magistrate on Monday, and remanded for a week. The chief evidence given was that of Elizabeth Lee, a young woman of twenty, the sweetheart of the murdered man, Joseph Rumbold, a printer's machinist, with whom she was walking at the time of the catastrophe. She seems to have behaved with great spirit in pursuing the assassin, and was once knocked down during her unsuccessful pursuit, but she could not identify any of the prisoners as the man who struck the fatal blow. At the coroner's inquest, the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons not at present identified.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY and kindred institutions having been made, which for many years they were not, chargeable to income tax, the Moravian Mission trustees have taken steps for testing in a Court of law the legality of the step. It is understood, the *Nonconformist* says, that this will be accepted as a test case by the Societies, and by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue.

THE COUNTY COURT JUDGE OF BALA has given a decision of importance to Friendly Societies, one of which was sued by a member for two months' sick pay. The claim was resisted on the ground that he had partially resumed work during the period. The Judge, while censuring his conduct, decided in his favour, though without costs, holding that in such cases the Society's only remedy against a peccant member was that of expulsion.

THE DEATH IN HIS EIGHTY-THIRD YEAR is announced of Mr. William Lloyd Birkbeck, Master of Downing College, Cambridge, and Downing Professor of the Laws of England in that University. He was the son of the late Dr. George Birkbeck, and it was his father, not he, as wrongly stated in the *Times* obituary notice, who deserves to be called the founder of Mechanics' Institutions generally, and of the Birkbeck Institution in particular, which, originally promoted by Dr. George Birkbeck as the London Mechanics' Institution, was subsequently named after him as its first President. Of this institution, however, the late Professor, who was only a youth when it was opened, became, like his father, President, and remained until his death a warm supporter. Mr. Birkbeck was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was elected a Fellow, and was called to the Bar in 1833. In 1852 he was appointed Reader in Equity at Lincoln's Inn, and held that post for twenty years. In 1860, on the death of Professor Amos, he was elected Downing Professor of the Laws of England, and in 1885 Master of Downing, in succession to Dr. Worsley, becoming a Q.C. in the following year. He was the author of an "Historical Sketch of the Distribution of Land in England, with Suggestions for Some Improvement in the Law," 1885.



THE TURF.—This year's Derby may be remembered for the number of false starts which attended it. Chillington was the chief offender. He broke away four times, and on each occasion ran half-a-mile or so before he could be brought back to the post. When a start was at last effected, however, after forty minutes had been wasted, the issue was not long in doubt. Ayshire, who had been first favourite ever since his victory in the Two Thousand, added the Derby also to the Duke of Portland's account. Mr. Vyners' Crowberry was second, and Mr. Rose's Van Dieman's Land third. It is sincerely to be hoped that Friar's Balsam will have recovered from his jaw affection in time to run in the St. Leger, as the meeting between him and Ayshire would be full of interest.

Of the other racing at Epsom not much need be said. On the first day, in the Ashstead Plate Kaunitz and Rosy Morn were first and second, the identical positions they filled in the same race last year. Gold won the Woodcote Stakes for Prince Soltkyoff, and Eros the Ranmore Two-Year-Old Stakes for Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. E. Martin steered a couple of winners, Gervas in the Epsom Plate, and Nora in the Egmont Plate. The Derby Day saw Prince Soltkyoff again in luck, this time with Devilshoof in the High Weight Handicap. Corbeille won the Juvenile Plate, and Padua the Chetwynd Plate, both ridden by J. Woodburn.

Rève d'Or started favourite for the Manchester Cup on Friday, last week; but neither she nor any other of the numerous horses who had at different times occupied that position could secure first honours, which fell to Lord Bradford's Merry Andrew. Selby was second and Scottish King third. The Whitsuntide Plate of 5,000 sovs. fell, on Saturday, to Chitabob, Donovan being second and Bryony third, while the Beaufort Handicap went to Ice, and the Breeders' Foal Stakes to Fitztraver. Stuart, who seems to be a smart beast, won the Prix du Jockey Club, or French Derby, at Chantilly on Sunday.

CRICKET.—At last the Australians have been checked in their career of victory. First, Lancashire, aided by the magnificent bowling of Briggs and the all-round play of a new-comer, the Rev. J. R. Napier, just managed to beat them, and then the Gentlemen of England made 490 against them. "W. G." made 165, his eighth century, be it noted, against Australian teams in England, and Mr. W. W. Read 109, while Mr. Shuter made 71. Unfortunately the match was limited to two days, in consequence of the Derby, and so had to be left drawn. The Australians made 179 in their first, and 213 for one wicket (Bonnor a well-hit 119) in their second innings. Their bowling, barring Turner and Ferris, seems very weak—not one of the four others tried against the Gentlemen could secure a wicket. Lancashire followed up their victory against the Colonists with an easy win against Oxford. At present, the Dark Blues seem to be inferior to the Light. The latter beat Yorkshire. Leicestershire scored its second victory in three years over Surrey (four of whose crack batsmen were assisting the Gentlemen at Lords), Gloucestershire beat Kent, and Surrey Derbyshire.—For the last week of South Hampshire Rovers against the United Service H. F. Hastings and L. Bonham-Carter put on 211 runs. The latter made 180, and the former 115 (not out).—A. M. Sutthery made 206, and A. H. Trevor 138 for South Saxons against Edmonton.

ROWING.—Magdalen displaced New from the headship of the river in the "Eights" at Oxford.—Bubear easily defeated Carr in their race over the Tyne Championship course on Saturday. The winner has issued a challenge to Wallace Ross or Hosmer.—Mr. Samuel Osborne, of Tewkesbury, sculled from Dover to Boulogne in a small open boat one day last week.

FOOTBALL.—The English players in New Zealand have been beaten by Auckland. The Football Association have adopted new

regulations for the National Cup Competition, which will henceforward be limited to thirty-two clubs selected in various ways.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The new 60-ton cutters, *Yarana* and *Petro-nilla*, made their first appearance on Saturday last. The former is the smarter of the two, and has already beaten the *Irex* in one race.—Cummings beat George in their mile race. As he has won two out of the three events originally arranged, the two miles will not be run.



THE SEASON.—May has given place to June, and the advent of "real summer" compels us to take some stock of spring progress and growth. It is to be regretted that a survey of the whole country does not warrant our calling 1888 either a good year in *posse* or in *esse*. Wheat is not at all likely to be a full crop, and the pastures have wanted for rain during a critical period, so that the hay does not promise to be at all plentiful. Neither is its quality likely to be good, for weeds of all sorts have thriven apace, and the abundance of buttercups, daisies, celandines, marsh marigolds, and cowslips, not to speak of unflowering plants, is such as to cause many farmers almost to despair. The barley and oat sowings of the spring have come up well, but are now languishing for want of moisture. The orchards were very thick with bloom, but it has not set well, the night frosts on the one hand, and the dryness of the soil on the other, having already dissipated most growers' hopes of anything like a big yield. Foliage generally is not so lush or so full this year as it was in 1887; the want of sustaining moisture in the soil after a very dry season is mainly accountable for this.

THE DAIRY FARMERS' ASSOCIATION have been visiting East Anglia, but rather, we imagine, to instruct than to be instructed, for, as one writer remarks, "the pastures are gone, the dairymaids are extinct, and the butter is very indifferent." It is satisfactory, however, to learn that "all is not lost; for the breed of cows remains, as well as a breed of farmers possessing indomitable courage." In East Anglia as elsewhere the consumption of dairy products is not half of what it might be made if the country villages were well supplied, and if milk were brought to the cottage doors. The increase in the number of small farms may do it, for small farmers can attend to small profits, and rely more on small local sales than can big holdings, the appeal of which for custom is always made to the nearest big town. The dairy farmers this year began their visit with Ipswich, where the Marquis of Bristol had to inform them that in the seventeenth century Suffolk made large quantities of good cheese, much of which was sent to London, and some even to Germany. With a wish for a revival of seventeenth-century prosperity, the visitors passed on to Glemham, where they were entertained by the Duke of Hamilton. The Duke has a fine herd of dairy cattle, and places his confidence in Ayrshires and Shorthorns, as well as in the local breed of Red-Poll cattle. At Bury St. Edmunds, next visited, Professor Axe addressed the visitors on the diseases of dairy cattle, and much time was spent over a discussion, wherein experts differed with all the zest for difference which it seems nowadays, the pride of professional men to display. The party reached Norwich on May 24th, where Professor Long dealt theoretically with the "topical" subject of summer dairying, and where Mr. Colman's farm was inspected. From Norwich the party proceeded to Sandringham, where Mr. Henry Simmons read a paper on the breeding and selection of dairy cattle, and where the hospitality of the Prince of Wales was enjoyed by the visitors.

SKIMMED MILK is so cheap a form of food that our unthrifty peasantry neglect and despise it. The example of the upper classes is not always followed by their social inferiors. Despite the snobishness and imitation of one's betters which are expressed in the very word "flunkeyism," who ever heard of the abused flunkey drinking claret like his master, or caring for Camembert, or tasting olives? So much for town life, and in the country we have known the use of skimmed milk for various purposes in good houses utterly fail to change the underlings' view of the matter. It seems an astonishing thing to say, but it is a plain fact that many useful, cheap, and neglected articles steal into favour only through the adulterator. Lecturing at Framlingham last week, Dr. Elliston was not content with deploring the waste of skimmed milk, but went on to point out how the fat abstracted can be cunningly replaced with a little suet, and the whole welded together, as it were, by an easy process, until it is equal in all nutritive powers to new milk, and, of course, a good deal cheaper. Dr. Elliston's words now need but a commercial interpreter.

ROOKS AND SPARROWS.—Mr. William Biddell, of Lavenham Hall, writes to protest against the prosecution of rook and sparrow s'ayers. There are "birds and birds," says Mr. Biddell; "of rooks and sparrows we have a surplus, and the latter promise to exterminate the useful, insect-eating martin by burglariously entering their nests, and appropriating them for their own breeding purposes—a most objectionable proceeding which I am under the impression has only taken place within the last twelve or fifteen years." The danger which Mr. Biddell foresees with reference to the sparrows is admitted by most naturalists to be a very serious one. Many of our most lovely small birds are threatened with extirpation before the face of the belligerent and prolific sparrow. With reference to rooks, however, we are not so sure that Mr. Biddell is right. We are inclined to think that rooks consume more of the farmers' enemies than of his seeds, and that they do not war on other birds.

RARE BIRDS.—The ornithological event of May has been the appearance in England of the Tartary sand-grouse, a bird previously observed in 1863, but which has been absent from this country for the twenty-five intervening years. This very desirable addition to our game birds is half a pigeon and half a grouse; its flight is low and rapid, and its form very graceful. Its flesh is excellent eating, and it is a heavy and prolific breeder. It is to be hoped that stringent measures for its protection will be taken under the Wild Birds Act, and also by the police looking carefully after gun and dog licenses, now, to an enormous extent, evaded. Mr. Tegetmeier is of opinion that, if protected and encouraged, the Tartary sand-grouse would in all probability breed in England, and become a regular British bird. The sand-grouse have mostly appeared in Oxfordshire, Notts, and Yorkshire, but the Isle of Thanet has had rare visitors of its own—Irbys' raven and Garkes' willow wren have both been observed—and, rarer still, the moustached warbler. On May 23rd, Lord Clifton shot a bird in Dumpton Park which turned out to be the dusky thrush, an Asiatic bird, scarcely ever before recorded as a visitant to Great Britain. The same sportsman has noticed a new swift, which is distinguishable from the ordinary big black swift by a bright, not rusty, coppery tinge or glow on the plumage. Lord Clifton has observed this new swift for some years, and is of opinion that it is getting less rare every year. The small African peregrine (*Falco puniceus*) has also been seen by his lordship, and this, too, is a very rare bird on these shores. A golden oriole has been killed at Harrow, and the Wild Birds Act seems to be unknown to the police of that district. The nesting of the fieldfare in Yorkshire is another very rare occurrence, making May altogether a month of exceptional importance to students of natural history in England.

OXFORDSHIRE old County Society, at Abingdon, had last Wednesday and Thursday a fine show of cattle and sheep, of special classes, and made further claims to a breed of pigs, black, sandy, and spotted, which are said to produce lean meat, to be "bacon-pigs." The Dairy Supply Company again supplied and superintended a working dairy, which is now a necessary part of every first-class Show. The agricultural steeplechase, over hedges, over ditches, likewise gates and stiles, asserted the popularity of horsemanship in what are called the "Jumping Classes."—Stock-breeders are expected to show their hands at the Oxfordshire; and at Abingdon Mr. Hundley and Mr. Richard Stratton exhibited a bull and a heifer that are likely to be prize-takers at the best shows of the season. We gladly record that the best ram of any breed was adjudged to a Cotswold shown by Mr. Swanwick.



ECCENTRICITY ran riot at the various private views, great and small, which took place last month. The pictures were quite thrown into the shade and their attractions marred by the garish glare of the costumes of not a few visitors who went more to be seen than to see. The startling mixtures of green and yellow were in some cases distressing to contemplate. One only needs to be described as a caution what to avoid. Fortunately, it was worn by a tall figure, otherwise the result would have been too dreadful to contemplate. The upper dress was of a harsh yellow woollen material, looped up at the side over a bright green plush petticoat, revers, waistcoat, and cuffs of the plush. High hat of yellow, with a green brim, trimmed with a bouquet of dandelions; the yellow floral muff was ornamented with a bunch of dandelions; yellow gloves and parasol.—A pleasing contrast to the above was a costume of lichen green Indian cashmere, made with a Zouave vest; the petticoat was of white silk, smocked with green, pale green tulle bonnet. The variety of eccentric head-gear was noticeable; some of the Directoire bonnets were so large as not only to impede the view of the half-smothered wearers, but to seriously interfere with the enjoyment of the select few who went to look at the pictures. There were Leghorn and other straw hats so carefully crushed they looked as if they had been run over three or four times. It was quite a relief to turn from the glare of brilliant and daring colours to the cool greys, creams, and other soft tints which are much worn by people of refined taste.

A very stylish costume came from Paris; it was a steel grey rich silk *merveilleuse* coat, trimmed with butterfly bows and bands of shaded ribbon; tablier of silver-grey satin with a brocaded design of velvet, three shades darker, in high relief; grey straw hat trimmed with three shades of grey ribbon, velvet, satin, and silk, the wide brim turned up in front and a spray of laburnum thrown gracefully across it.

Another Parisian costume was of heliotrope-coloured foulard, plain and striped. The petticoat was of soft silk, a shade darker than the foulard, with satin spots, made quite plain; a drapery of the plain foulard was carried from the throat to the waist in loose folds, from thence it divided and fell in folds, terminating in points, to the hem of the skirt on each side, and in slightly puffed drapery at the back; revers of the striped material. Jacket-bodice of the spotted material, very open, fastened on the chest with one large button, wide sailor-collared of the striped material; Leghorn straw bonnet, the high brim turned back off the face, a narrow wreath of shaded violets on the hair; large loop bows of heliotrope-shaded ribbon, standing up at the back of the brim.

There were some very elegant costumes in black, one of which was very *distingué*. It consisted of a plain round skirt, with long strips of embroidery in silk and cut jet beads, alternated with black lace insertion, pleated and gathered, divided by a narrow fold of *moiré*; on the hem a very full pleating of lace; polonaise of *moiré*, wide revers covered with jet, the front of the corsage of pleated lace.

For evening wear a polonaise of lace insertion and *moiré* ribbon embroidered in jet may be substituted for the *moiré* upper dress. A small *capote* of jet beads, with a high diadem front, behind which were dog-roses, some of which strayed over the top, looked very well with this black costume.

There is a rapidly increasing taste for the Directory style of costume, introduced by some of the leading actresses on the French stage. At the last Drawing-Room of the season there were several very stylish costumes of this description.

White and silver is very much worn this season, both for morning and evening dress. Never were natural flowers seen in greater perfection and profusion than they are this season; some of the orchid bouquets at the Drawing-Room were marvels of colouring and beauty. One bouquet, which rivalled all others, was a combination of delicate shades of purple, grey, and maize orchids with begonia foliage, which faithfully imitated the colours of the flowers. The dress with which it was carried was quite a study in greens most harmoniously blended. There were several very charming *débutantes*, who all wore the traditional white costumes.

The colours most in vogue are silver-grey, pearl-grey, mirror-grey, and Russian grey—a very blue shade—sunset-pink, dead rose, prawn-pink, and shell-pink, asbestine-green, lotus leaf, reseda, bronze-green, and myrtle-green; wallflower-brown, burnished-brown, golden-brown, and chestnut-brown. Yellows from the deepest orange to the palest cream tints. Although red is not *démodé*, it is not so much worn as it has been all the winter.

Hats are, for the most part, worn very large; they are tall, and trimmed extremely high with flowers and stiff bows, or with green leaves. We recently saw a hat with a veritable trellis-work, such as is used for training musk and other plants, up which, and falling down over the back, were ivy and other leaves in profusion; the effect was most absurd. A very pretty lace hat had a moderately wide brim in front, very slightly turned-up, narrow at the back, it was of black lace gathered over gold tulle, trimmed with bows of ribbon and lace mixed, two arrows of ostrich feathers mounted in gold. This hat looks well in white and silver, or in grey tulle, with pink arrows. Very large Devonshire hats are likely to be much worn this summer; they are suitable for pretty young faces, but should only be worn out-of-doors, as in a theatre or concert-room they are much in the way; the brim should be lined with black velvet, and outside trimmed with wide ribbon and plumes of feathers.

A very pretty bonnet was made of drawn black tulle; the front, raised high, was filled in with king cups, and shaded green and brown water-cress; on the crown was a bouquet of king cups and cresses, together with bows of black and yellow ribbon; from the back of the bonnet came a long, wide scarf of black tulle and yellow ribbon, which was twisted carelessly round the throat, passed over the chest, and fastened with a bow on the right hip.

White embroidered muslin skirts are much worn this season by young girls, they are not only cool and becoming, but very inexpensive, as they require no trimming, beyond a broad Liberty silk sash. Those young people who are not slim enough to wear the gathered muslin bodices can adopt a corselet belt, or a Swiss bodice of silk or satin.

Long black or white lace scarves are worn, and are very useful on a chilly day or evening.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

LADY TREVOR SCORES

It may seem strange, and a proof of no little egotism in Miss Clara Thorne, that she should connect her summons from Lady Trevor in her hour of sorrow in any way with her own affairs; but her keen appreciation of her position, and habit of looking things straight in the face, had, as it happened, led her to a just conclusion.

Had it been her mother, or even Lucy, who had called at the Court to make inquiries, it was possible enough she would have allowed that Lady Trevor might have admitted them to her sanctuary, and welcomed their condolences; but her own relations with her ladyship were very different from theirs; there was at the best an armed neutrality between them; and though Mr. Gurdon had spoken of her being sent for as a proof of friendship, she knew that he had been only prophesying smooth things to gloss over a moment of embarrassment. A stranger, it is written, does not intermeddle with our joy, how much less with our sorrow; and it was as something worse than a stranger—an antagonist—that Lady Trevor, she was well aware, regarded her. Was it likely, then, that she should seek for her personal sympathy in a misfortune which, she did not doubt, had wrung her very heart-strings?

Nevertheless, when her hostess rose to meet her, with her usual grace, indeed, but clothed in sadness, like a fair woman craped, and with her sweet voice tender with such a freight of woe as choked its utterance, the visitor's calculations seemed at fault, while a genuine

sorrow for the other's condition almost made her ashamed of them. Lady Trevor's sleepless night, her miserable expedition of the morning, her husband's seizure, and the interview just concluded with her son, had indeed been enough to break down a far stronger woman. If rest had been possible to her she would have taken it, but when news was brought her of Clara's presence in the house she had at once resolved to see her, and put an end to one at least of the anxieties that was keeping sleep from her eyes. Weary and sore driven as she was, the very multitude of her troubles made another ordeal more or less indifferent to her, just as the strokes of the knout fall at last upon a body insensible to pain; nor did she, perhaps, overlook the fact, that the pitiable condition in which her visitor found her, even if it failed to move her pity, must needs preclude the suspicion of duplicity or finesse.

"You have doubtless heard, dear girl, something of what has happened to my poor husband," said Lady Trevor, taking Clara's hand in hers, and seating herself beside her on a couch.

"Yes, indeed; the sad news was told me in the village in my morning walk, and I came straight up to the Court at once, without even communicating with my people, or I should not, of course, have come alone."

"It is just as well that you should have done so, for, as it happens, the misfortune that has overwhelmed me has no slight connection with yourself."

"With me?" exclaimed Clara in astonishment.

"Yes, dear, with you," and she gently pressed her hand as if in

identification. "What I am about to say will, I fear, be very unpleasant to you, but it cannot pain you to hear as it pains me to tell it; for, though you may think otherwise, dear girl—as I did myself when I was your age—there is no heart so ill able to resist a blow as that of a mother."

This very unexpected exordium reawakened at once Clara's worst apprehensions, and though she had no idea of the road her ladyship's thoughts were taking, she had a very shrewd idea of what they were driving at. She did not dare withdraw her hand from Lady Trevor's, though the retention of it, as she felt, placed her at a great disadvantage, since it suggested a relation of confidence, and even affection, which she was now very far from feeling. Moreover, whatever was said to her, she was thereby compelled to listen to it, like one of those fashionable congregations to which the sermon is administered with the doors locked.

"What has harmed Sir Richard so seriously, and, I fear, brought him well nigh to death's door," continued her ladyship in broken tones, "is, in fact, the conduct of our poor, misguided Hugh. I say 'our,' dear Clara, out of respect for the tender regard I know you entertained for one another. I may now confess to you—just as one might speak of a dead person concerning whom such things have ceased to be—that it was a thing I never encouraged."

"I think that could be gathered from your manner, Lady Trevor, observed Clara smiling, though she was, in fact, growing very angry; "but as for what you say about a dead person, you must forgive me remarking that I am not a good hand at guessing riddles."

"We will come to that presently, dear girl; you will be the first to admit, when you know all, that I have used no exaggerated metaphor, but since you have noticed my opposition to the growing tenderness between my son and yourself, let me frankly state the cause. That I had no objection to you personally I hope it is not necessary to say: your family were all I could wish for in the way of connection, but what seemed to me an insuperable difficulty was your want of fortune. Hugh, it is true, will be well-off enough; but poor Charles has also to be provided for, and I need not say to you, who know his brother so thoroughly, that there would be a difficulty in persuading him to set apart any considerable sum out of his income for that purpose, unless it was greatly increased. This I hoped would be effected by some advantageous marriage, such as his position and prospects entitled him to look for. You may despise such poor reasoning, but this was my motive, and certainly not an offensive one as regards yourself. Does it seem strange to you that I should thus sacrifice the inclinations of my elder son to the interests of my younger?"

"It seems very strange indeed to me," was the dry rejoinder—if she had added, "because I don't believe you care three farthings for your younger son," the words would have been superfluous, so implied were they in her contemptuous tone.

The colour rushed to Lady Trevor's cheek, but there was no trace of anger in her voice, as she replied gently,

"You do me some injustice there, Clara, but let that pass. It may also surprise you to learn that the more my son's happiness seemed to be bound up in your's the less I felt inclined to oppose him."

"You certainly concealed that change in your sentiments completely, Lady Trevor."

"I endeavoured to do so lest it should give him encouragement, and hasten what I was still anxious to avoid. But why tell me all this, you will presently say?"

"If you will forgive me for interrupting you, I say it now," observed Clara, coldly.

Lady Trevor gave her companion's hand a little rebukeful pressure to which there was no response; it lay in it like a stone in a sling.

"Have patience with me, dear girl, for a little longer," she resumed. "I tell you all this to prove to you there was no quarrel between us, as you may have suspected, and that we were even nearer a mutual understanding than you had any idea of."

It was very seldom that Clara Thorne permitted her temper to get the better of her, but that pressure of Lady Trevor's fingers had closed its safety valve and compelled an explosion.

"If you are going to tell me that it is Sir Richard's objections to my engagement with your son, and not your own, that have proved insuperable to it, I shall be obliged to say that I do not believe you, Lady Trevor."

"And you would be perfectly justified in so doing," was the unexpected reply. "Unhappily, the relations between my husband and his elder son are such that he has never given himself the trouble to notice the state of matters between yourself and Hugh, at all events he has not opened his lips to me about them. Something to-day, however, has happened which has only too forcibly directed his attention to Hugh's flirtations."

"There has been no flirtation," put in Clara, drily. "No one can accuse me of being a flirt."

"I am not speaking of you, my dear girl, but of another; though, as you justly remind me, 'flirtation' is not the word I should have used. Hugh has promised himself in marriage to Jenny Beeton."

Clara leapt to her feet with a sharp cry. "To Jenny Beeton?" Amazement, incredulity, and wounded pride seemed to struggle in that passionate inquiry for the mastery.

"Yes; she was a rival, no doubt, with whom you little dreamt you would have to reckon. Conceive, then, the shock which such shameful news caused my poor husband. Can you wonder in his delicate state of health that it should have utterly prostrated him? 'If your father dies, Hugh,' were my last words to that unhappy boy, 'his death will be at your door.'"

"What, does he confess it then?" gasped Clara.

"Do you suppose I would have told you—have told any one, but you, my poor child, above all, for believe me I feel for you—unless I had had it from his own lips, and been quite sure. John Beeton, who has on the whole behaved with some propriety in the matter, called here this morning to confess the fact, which had only been revealed to him yesterday."

"Then they are not—not married?" said Clara, in tones that trembled, but with no softer emotion than jealous rage.

"No, not yet. Of course, our hope is that that extremity of disgrace will be spared us; but, even as it is, how terrible is the calamity! All other troubles—those that you caused me, my poor girl, for example—seem to have been nothing in comparison with them; next to ourselves indeed—for no doubt Hugh persuaded you that he loved you—I feel for you."

A shiver seized Clara's limbs; it was the first humiliation her proud spirit had known.

"It must indeed be a bitter blow," continued Lady Trevor pitifully; "but you have at least health and strength to bear it. I too have been injured to grief of which, thank Heaven, you know nothing, Clara; but his poor father—already feeble and sore stricken—think, think of what he has suffered!"

It must be pardoned to Clara Thorne that this consideration was a very secondary one in the pains and pangs that consumed her on her own account: though in reality convinced of the truth of her companion's terrible tidings, she still sought refuge in incredulity.

"But this girl was already engaged to Harry Grange," she murmured.

Lady Trevor sighed and shrugged her shapely shoulders. "I need not remind you, my poor child, how little such engagements matter when passion intervenes. To do poor Jenny justice, however, she seems to have made some struggle against Hugh's importunities."

"Then this has been going on for some time?" said Clara huskily.

"I suppose so; what does it matter? It is only too clear that Hugh has been playing with your affections. I have not one word of excuse to offer for him."

"Excuse!" exclaimed Clara. "He is——"

"My son," put in Lady Trevor quickly. "In your just indignation, I entreat you to remember that."

Her anger at Hugh's conduct was cooling; she had just overwhelmed him with reproaches, face to face, and had now exposed his ill-conduct to another—her affection for him had not been extinguished, but only smothered, and its flame had begun once more to rise within her maternal breast. Moreover, the reflection that the evil he had done could, thanks to her precautions, go no further, whilst at the same time it had enabled her to set him free from his entanglement with Clara, as she felt sure it would do, greatly mitigated her ire.

If no serious mischief came of it to her husband, the occurrence altogether was not so much to be deplored. She had carefully abstained from mentioning that Jenny had been sent out of Hugh's way, and hoped to obtain a renunciation of him from Clara's lips before she should learn that fact.

The idea, indeed, of the girl's being in the same village, attracting Hugh to one side of it, while she herself, but not so strongly, had attracted him to the other, was the chief bitterness in Clara's cup. She kept silence, which alarmed her companion; she did not wish her to have time for reflection, which might mean scheming,

or, at all events, looking at matters in a less despairing way, and she resolved on a bold stroke.

"Hugh is within doors, Clara. Would you like to see him yourself?"

"See him! Why should I see him?" answered the other, vehemently. "I will never see him, if I can help it, so long as I live."

"A wise conclusion, my dear Clara, and one which does you credit. To no other girl than yourself should I have made such an offer; but it struck me that if you had any lingerings of doubt as to what I have told you, it would be better to cast them out at once and for ever, lest they should breed once more a false hope. I am glad that you have spared yourself so cruel an ordeal. In what I had to say to Hugh about his shameless conduct, I did not spare my reproaches with respect to his behaviour to yourself. He made, I am sorry to say, no sort of apology, and in answer to my inquiry as to what his course would be if he could escape from his present position, he informed me in the plainest terms that all between you and him would be at an end so far as he was concerned."

"Did he say that?" inquired Clara, with flashing eyes.

"Those were his very words, dear girl, upon my honour. I thought at the time that they were both uncalled for and unkind."

"They were as false as they were cowardly, Lady Trevor. It was he who sought me, and not I him."

"That is likely enough," replied the other, in a tone, however, that had less of assent in it than indifference; "but it was hardly worth while to argue the matter with him. No girl with any self-respect, I said to myself, far less with the high spirit of Clara Thorne, can ever regard a man who has put such a slight upon her as this, with eyes of favour; and I am glad to find that I was not mistaken."

"And this affair will no doubt become a public scandal," observed Clara, after a moment's pause.

"I think not—I trust not," replied Lady Trevor earnestly.

"What would happen to my poor husband if he should learn that the finger of scorn was pointing at us I tremble to think; and such steps have been taken as, I am not without hope, will prevent it. Only one person in the village, save those concerned, is at present aware of what has happened—Mr. Smug—and on his silence I can rely. Do not, therefore, say one word of what I have told you to your people—unless, indeed, you think you owe it to yourself to do so," she added significantly.

She was anxious to know whether the family at the Rectory were cognisant of the girl's relations with Hugh; or whether, as she suspected from what she knew of her character, she had kept them to herself.

"I am not accustomed to trouble other people with my affairs, and this is not a case where I am likely to make an exception," returned Clara bitterly.

"That is well. There is enough, alas! to account to them for your talk with me in the illness of my poor husband." She drew the girl's unyielding form to her bosom and kissed her on the cheek.

"You have behaved like an angel, my dear girl," she said.

Clara's only answer was a crooked smile. To look otherwise than beautiful was impossible to her; but nobody but a pessimist could have compared the expression of her face to that of an angel.

CHAPTER XL.

A LITTLE WAGER

MOVING from stair to stair, and past every open door with caution, to avoid encountering any one, Clara Thorne gained the great hall, let herself out with her own hands, and hurried home. Before she reached the Rectory, she met Lucy, who, with a face full of anxiety, turned back with her at once.

"Oh, Clara, what sad news!" she cried. "Have you seen any one at the Court?"

"Indeed, I have," she answered calmly, "I have been with Lady Trevor herself; she is in a sad state about Sir Richard, as you may well believe, but I gather that danger is over for the present."

"Thank Heaven for that. It was nice of dear Lady Trevor to see you, was it not? I am almost more sorry for her than for Sir Richard. How broken he must be, poor man, to have been so upset by John Beeton's news!"

"What news?"

"Why, about his daughter Jenny."

They had fortunately reached the Rectory gate, which gave Clara an opportunity of steadying herself by it under the pretence of opening it. For the first time in her life she understood what it was to feel faint.

"What about Jenny Beeton?"

"Why, don't you know? She has eloped this morning."

"With whom?" gasped Clara.

"Well, you needn't be so very shocked," smiled Lucy, "for it was only with Harry Grange, and we all knew they were to be married some time or another. Why they should have done it, we can't conceive, any more than why their doing it should have so affected Sir Richard; I should have thought that he was a man who would have only yawned, and said 'Indeed, if he had been told that half the village had eloped with the other half. Perhaps it was not that which made him ill at all; indeed, if you haven't heard it, it could not have been, for, of course, Lady Trevor will have told you all.'"

"She certainly did not tell me that," said Clara drily.

"Then what was it that did the mischief? Was it mere irritation at John's impudence? I confess to a sneaking liking for John, but papa says he can be very audacious."

"He was very impertinent, I believe," answered Clara mechanically, "and poor Sir Richard lost his temper, which it seems, is what he had been especially warned against. He had something, it appears, very like a fit."

"And do you mean to say Lady Trevor never mentioned Jenny?"

"She never uttered one syllable about the elopement at all. Pray tell me about it."

"Well, I don't know how far the story is true, but that Jenny is gone seems certain; all the village is talking of it. See, yonder comes Mr. Smug, let us ask him; Jenny was one of his lambs, and he will be sure to know all about it."

"Do you think it will be wise?" murmured Clara hesitatingly. The sight of Mr. Smug agitated her extremely, for she remembered that Lady Trevor had said that he knew all.

"What harm can there possibly be in it?" rejoined Lucy. "We are not prying into any one's private affairs;" and she at once stepped forward to meet the preacher.

His face was more grave even than common; but that was easily explained by the misfortune that had happened to his patron. He saluted the young ladies warmly enough, for he was on good terms with both of them, but his greeting of Lucy was far more cordial. This was but natural; for, though unregenerate, she was a labourer in the vineyard like himself, whereas the other took but little interest in the spiritual well-being of her fellow creatures.

Clara noticed this difference of manner, but mistook its cause; she thought he was expressing sorrow, in his starched and awkward way, for the infidelity of her lover, whereas Mr. Smug was not even aware of the relations that existed between herself and Hugh Trevor.

Sir Richard's seizure was, of course, the first topic discussed.

Lucy showed a much more tender interest in it than she had hitherto exhibited, because she was sure of the other's sympathy. She liked Sir Richard for his own sake, but also because he was so kind a father to Charley, which could hardly be said as regarded Hugh. When it had been agreed that Sir Richard was getting better Lucy began to indulge her curiosity.

"There is another item of village news this morning, it seems, which, but for what has happened at the Court, would cause immense excitement. Is it really true, Mr. Smug, that Jenny Beeton has eloped?"

"Certainly not!" answered the minister gravely. "She is the last girl in the village to do anything of her own free will to outrage public opinion. She has simply gone up to town with Mrs. Grange to get her future husband's house in order for him."

"With Mrs. Grange?" exclaimed Clara. "Do you mean the housekeeper at the Court?"

"Why, yes, Miss Clara. Jenny's sweetheart is her son, you know. It seems to me a very natural arrangement."

This was perhaps as far as the honest preacher had ever gone on the path of duplicity; and he flattered himself that, by having thus kept Lady Trevor's name out of the matter, no suspicion need attach to her of having had anything to do with it.

Lucy, indeed, was perfectly satisfied. "I only wish," she said earnestly, as she shook hands at parting with Mr. Smug, "that the fright we have all had about poor Sir Richard may turn out to be as groundless as the gossip about Jenny."

On reaching home Clara went straight up to her own room and locked the door. Her next action was peculiar: she took out her handkerchief and rubbed the cheek Lady Trevor had kissed as though she would have rubbed the skin off.

"So she had sent the girl away herself, and knew that she was safe in London all the while," she muttered fiercely. "She is as full of deceit and guile as she is of mystery. Fool that I was to think myself a match for such a woman! Did Hugh really tell her, I wonder, that all would be over between us so far as he was concerned? That seemed to have my lady's touch; but yet she would not have dared to say so had she not obtained his promise to give me up. His promise, indeed, if her tale is true, is not a very valuable bond."

Here her face darkened, and her finger-nails crooked into her palms.

"To find one's successful rival in a poacher's daughter is a blow to one's self-esteem, indeed. I suppose the mad fool *did* promise her marriage; then men are, after all, but satyrs, and those of us please them most who are least loth. What liars they are, and what cowards! I wonder how my lady got the whip-hand of him. Can it be that he is afraid of her—or, rather, of his father? There's something underhand about those Trevors, I know. What does it matter to me now? 'I will never see him, if I can help it,' I said, 'as long as I live.' What a fall was there, and how she must have rejoiced in it! I would marry him to-morrow, if he had not a penny—just to spite her."

She rose from her chair and paced the room, in a fever of impotent rage and helpless hate.

"It is my own cursed pride," she went on, "that has undone me. 'Never,' I told him, 'will I marry you save in Mirbridge Church, and with your mother's consent,' and rather than break my word they shall break my heart. She talked of the finger of scorn, but it shall never be levelled at me. 'Always know when you're beaten' said Sir Richard the other day (and no doubt the poor man spoke from experience), but at least it is not necessary to let others know it. I would go to my mother's medicine-chest this moment and borrow something that would end all this for the fear that it should be said I did it for love of him. I will have no man's pity, and far less woman's—I would have no pity upon myself if I could help it." Here the scalding tears rushed to her eyes, and she pressed her hands upon them with passionate vehemence, as though she would fain have punished her own weakness. It was the bitterest hour of her life.

Notwithstanding the day was damp and cold, she had thrown her window wide—for sorrow is stifling—and there came up to her the sound of voices soft and low in the verandah beneath. It was Charley and her sister, talking, no doubt, of his father's illness. What tenderness and sympathy dwelt in those hushed tones! Even should nothing come of it in the end, their love had found some fruition in a fool's paradise; it was better than being driven out of a more material Eden by a flaming sword. Was it possible that simple Lucy, whom she had always patronised, and had thought, like some Lady Bountiful, to benefit by the crumbs from her table, had after all been wiser than she?

Presently there were other sounds—the noise of wheels and hoofs upon the gravel-sweep; from her window she could see the coachman and the horses, but they were strange to her. Visitors at the Rectory were rare, and though her curiosity could hardly be said to be awakened, the incident roused her from her sad thoughts. The inmates of the carriage had alighted, for she heard their voices in the hall, and in one of them she recognised the sharp, decisive tones of Mrs. Westrop. Her drooping spirit was roused at once, like that of some sick war-horse at the blare of the trumpet. If that woman should know that she was within doors and not see her it might set her tongue going. She herself was in no humour for talk, but it was absolutely necessary that no one should perceive in her a shadow of humiliation or disappointment. With a few skillful touches she restored what was amiss in the armour of her charms, and with her usual air of quiet dignity made her appearance in the drawing-room.

Mrs. Westrop and Miss Mumchance were the callers, and with her parents were discussing the sad news at the Court. How sick and tired she was of it, and how hateful it had become to her. Nevertheless, as the only person present who had seen Lady Trevor, she was, of course, beset with inquiries.

She answered them briefly enough.

"But you should go to head-quarters for information," she added. "Mr. Charles is here, I think?"

"Indeed?" said Mrs. Westrop, with a sharp glance at her hostess.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Thorne, with a faint blush; "he very kindly came over from the Court to tell us what had happened. He is in the garden with Mr. Gurdon and Lucy."

"Two's company and three's none," observed Mrs. Westrop. "It would be a charity to go out to them, Mary Anne. You told me, I remember, you had something particular to say to Lucy."

"If Mrs. Thorne will permit me," answered the heiress, smiling to the rest at her companion's masterful ways.

"By all means," replied her hostess. "Open the window, Percy, and let Miss Mumchance out."

When this was done, Mrs. Westrop observed, "Now that strangers have withdrawn, let me know how the ease really stands with our old friend at the Court. Is he going to leave us or not?"

"My dear madam!" remonstrated the Rector.

"Yes, yes. I know what you are going to say," she interrupted, sharply. "D.V. and all that; but the question is, What does the doctor say?"

"None of us have yet seen the doctor," said Mrs. Thorne, stiffly. She had the patience of an angel, but she could not stand seeing her husband snubbed by any woman, though as she did not take the privilege of a wife in that respect herself, her conduct might have been compared with that of the dog in the manger.

As Clara did not give herself the trouble to impart the information which she alone possessed, there was a pause that might have been embarrassing to the questioner had she not been Mrs. Westrop.

"Let me see, how old is he?" continued that lady. "Forty-five or forty-six?"

"Clara knows," said Mrs. Thorne, turning to her daughter. "Don't you remember, my dear, you told us that you came upon it the other day, when you were searching the register for your father?"

"He was forty-six on the 5th of April last," said Clara mechanically.

"What a memory!" observed Mrs. Westrop, sarcastically.

"Yes; there is no possession for which we old people envy the young ones more than that," said Mrs. Thorne. Even a female saint may be found to have a kick in her, when her daughter's gifts are spoken of contemptuously. But into Clara's breast the dart had gone far deeper. What Mrs. Westrop had meant, as she well understood, was that she would not have remembered the date had not the circumstance had a personal interest for her; in other words, that she was speculating upon Sir Richard's death. It was not true, of course, but there had been a time when the possibilities of such an event had certainly crossed her mind.

"Now I suppose Lady Trevor must be at least three years his junior?" continued Mrs. Westrop, meditatively.

"Her birth was not in the register," said Clara drily.

"Well, I dare say not, Miss Clara," said the old lady with a good-humoured laugh. She dropped her firebrands about from mere recklessness, and without any deliberate attempt at arson, and when, as in the present case, she saw that she had done a little mischief she was satisfied. Her object in getting rid of Miss Mumchance had not been to talk about Sir Richard, but to give that young lady an opportunity of conversing with Charley Trevor, whose future Mrs. Westrop had made up her mind vicariously to provide for.

"I should think Lady Trevor was not more than forty," observed the Rector.

"That's because you're a man," said Mrs. Westrop. "We know better, don't we, Mrs. Thorne?"

Mrs. Thorne smiled uncomfortably; if there was a fellow creature in the world whom she could be said to positively dislike, it was this audacious widow.

"It is a matter, my dear Rector, considering your connection with 'Hatch' and 'Match,'" went on Mrs. Westrop in her liveliest manner, "with which you really ought to be better acquainted. Mr. Hugh, making allowance for the life one hears he has led, and which always tells even on a young man, must be twenty-four at least, and yet he can't be that either. Let me see, Sir Richard's escapade—which was a more serious matter than people think—took place a quarter of a century ago. His affections—even if they were tender—can hardly have been engaged so immediately elsewhere as to have allowed him to marry in less, say, than six months. Indeed, that was about the time we heard he did marry. In that case Hugh would be twenty-three, and if your view of Lady Trevor's age be correct, she would have been a bride at sixteen, which is young, even for France."

"I only judged by her looks," murmured the Rector apologetically. The facts, he saw, were against him.

"Of course not. How else does a man ever judge of a woman?" observed the widow scornfully. "Nevertheless, it can't be denied that she keeps her youth, and that without the help of either paint or powder. If I've any luck I'll find out how old she is, before either of us are twenty-four hours older."

"Are you going to ask her her age?" inquired Clara demurely.

"Never you mind what I'm going to do; but I'll bet you a pair of gloves, Miss Clara, that before the afternoon is over that mystery will be solved."

"I'll take that bet," said Clara; "my number is six and a quarter."

"And mine is six, though you'll never want to know it," replied Mrs. Westrop.

The Rector looked a little grave.

"We do not quite approve of young ladies making bets," observed Mrs. Thorne for self and partner.

"It will not be the cause of my taking professionally to the Turf, mother, I assure you," replied Clara composedly.

"Moreover, it is not a serious affair, but only with the gloves," added Mrs. Westrop, smiling complacently at her little witticism.

It seemed, indeed, but a small thing; but, as often happens, it was destined to be the pivot on which a very great thing turned.

(To be continued)

miraculous ingenuity and industry, is said to have buried in the plays, tells of Court intrigues, of his own authorship of the plays, of Shakespeare's dissipated youth and disgraceful manhood. It is a narrative which can scarcely be verified from history. Into the enormous intricacies of the cipher we have no space here to enter; but Mr. Donnelly explains much of his method, and reproductions of some pages of the *facsimile* of the great folio enable the patient reader to follow and check his calculations. The following quotation gives Mr. Donnelly's estimate of his work:—"If Bacon sought immortality, he certainly has achieved it, for once the human family grasps the entirety of this inconceivable work, it will be drowned in an ocean of wonder. The plays may lose their charm; the English language may perish; but tens of thousands of years from now, if the world and civilisation endure, mankind will be talking about this extraordinary welding together of fact and fiction; this tale within a tale; this sublime and supreme triumph of human intellect. Beside it the 'Iliad' will be but as the rude song of wandering barbarians, and 'Paradise Lost' a temporary offshoot of Judaism." This is but indifferent rhetoric. Style, indeed, is not Mr. Donnelly's strong point. But his book is marvellous. He promises us another, with further explanations of the cipher, and with much more of the cipher-story. We await it with impatience; but should he then completely and ludicrously fail to establish his astounding proposition, he will nevertheless leave behind him a name which, for very many years to come, will hold a unique position in English literature.

"The Autobiography of Maria Vernon Graham Haverall" (J. Nisbet and Co.), is of the order of books dealt with by George Eliot in her famous essay on "Worldliness and Other-Worldliness." The lady who here writes her own life was the sister of Frances Ridley Haverall, and is already known to the public as the author of the celebrated "Memorials of Frances Ridley Haverall." Less known to the world than her poet-sister, Maria Haverall was a lady of the same school of theology and of the same unceasing desire to do what she believed to be good. She tells her spiritual experiences simply and openly. Criticism of such a work is out of place. It is a fair example of extreme Evangelical opinion; and, as such, it will be as eagerly read by large numbers of pious persons as it will be carefully shunned by still larger numbers with different theological views.

Another record of a beautiful and pious life is "The Life of Mrs. Godolphin" by John Evelyn (Sampson Low). The book is not new, for it was first printed, with a preface by Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, the late Bishop of Oxford, in 1847. The MS. left by John Evelyn passed into the hands of his great-grandson, the Honourable Edward Harcourt, Archbishop of York, and it was he who confided it to the Bishop of Oxford for publication. A new edition seeming to be now called for, it has been undertaken by Mr. Edward William Harcourt, a grandson of the Archbishop, and is published with all the advantages of excellent type and hand-made paper. Margaret Blagge, who married Sidney Godolphin, afterwards Earl Godolphin and Lord High Treasurer, was a woman of remarkable piety and charm of character. Born in 1652, and living much in the dissolute Court of Charles II. at the time of the lowest degradation of English morals, she lived an unspotted life, and, dying young, left a reputation for saintliness which was fairly won by the nobility of her life. Evelyn tells the story of her life with much feeling and simplicity. The book is indeed a beautiful tribute to a very loveable woman, and Mr. Harcourt was well advised to reprint the book.

Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer, herself a noteworthy example of high culture among modern women, has done a service to her sex by the publication of "Women and Work" (Trübner and Co.). The book, though small, is a complete and carefully considered study of one of the most important economical and social questions of the day. Mrs. Pfeiffer treats it from all points of view: the sentimental, the economic, the physiological; and though her sympathies are entirely and undisguisedly on the side of what are called "advanced" views, she states, fully and fairly, the arguments on the other side. The section on the economic objections is the weakest, and that on the physiological objections the strongest. As an earnest and carefully reasoned plea for liberty for women to undertake whatever part of the world's work (outside the sphere of the household) they feel equal to, the book has great value.

Mr. George R. Wright's "Archæologic and Historic Fragments" (Whiting and Co., 30, Sardinia Street, W.C.), is a slight and not very important little work. Some of his gleanings in the great field of historic research are, however, of interest. The chapter "On the Source and Nomenclature of the River Thames," contains a good deal that is curious and not very well known. The most interesting thing in the volume is a *facsimile* of a MS. list of plays performed in the year 1638, which contains the titles of two plays by Shakespeare—*Julius Cæsar* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. This MS. was discovered by Mr. Wright among the papers of the late comedian, Drinkwater Meadows. Mr. Wright also quotes from the late Dr. Ingleby's "Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse" a number of eulogies of Shakespeare by writers from 1592 to 1693. Mr. Wright seems to think that these references to Shakespeare by contemporary, or almost contemporary, writers upset completely the Baconian theory of the authorship of the plays. Of course they do not; but they tend to show that Shakespeare was held in esteem by many of his contemporaries; and Mr. Donnelly, in his ingenious book, noticed above, makes too little of this fact.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. have been well advised in republishing, under the title "Chronicles of Cricket," certain old handbooks of the game. These are Nyren's "Cricketer's Guide," Lillywhite's "Handbook of Cricket," and Mr. Denison's "Sketches of the Players." Even modern players of this "elegant and manly game," as Nyren terms it, will find plenty of useful hints, besides much that is amusing, scattered through the volume; while in the "Guide" they will learn how the members of the old Hambledon Club—the nursing-fathers of cricket—quitted themselves on Broad Halfpenny Down; and from Mr. Denison's "Sketches" will gather some idea of the heroes of a later generation—Lillywhite, and Hillyer, and Box, and "the noblest Roman of them all," Mr. Alfred Mynn.

Mr. Tristram J. Ellis has issued a second edition of his book on "Sketching from Nature" (Macmillan). It is full of practical hints derived from long experience in many climates, and may with certainty be recommended to the careful study of young artists.

DIRECTORIES AND BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—On its first appearance last year we noticed at some length Lord Brassey's "Naval Annual" (Portsmouth: J. Griffin and Co.). The issue for 1888 has all the good features of its predecessors. The book is a magazine of facts about the Navy, and its usefulness can hardly be exaggerated. There is nothing about the progress of naval matters during the last year which is not to be found in this splendid volume; and a copious index makes reference easy to any particular subject. Some of the sections are written by specialists, and the whole is carefully thought out and excellently arranged.—"Sell's Dictionary of the World's Press" (Sell's Advertising Agency, 167, Fleet Street) is a wonderful piece of compilation. This is the eighth year of publication, and, besides all the usual matter, the volume contains some excellent portraits of famous London editors, and some specially-written articles of much interest and importance, such as "Hints on the Law Relating to Libels in Newspapers," by Dr. Blake Odgers; "The Rise of Provincial Journalism," by H. R. Fox Bourne; and "Anonymous v. Personal Journalism,"—"The Advertiser's A B C" (T. B. Browne, 163, Queen Victoria Street), is another enormous volume

devoted to the newspaper press. It is noticeable for its admirable printing, and the compact and convenient arrangement of its matter. It includes a list and description of Colonial, Indian, and foreign newspapers; and is altogether a volume of much importance and utility. Being planned alphabetically, reference to a particular paper is easily made.—"Shelley and Co.'s Complete Press Directory" (5, Leadenhall Street, E.C.), in addition to all the usual matter in such volumes, contains a very useful report of all the cases affecting newspapers tried in the law-courts during the last year. The law on many points affecting journalism being indefinite and uncoded, the various precedents are of much importance to newspaper editors and proprietors.—"Burdett's Official Intelligence" (Spottiswoode and Co.) has become an almost indispensable work for stock-brokers, financiers, and City men generally. The issue of 1888 resembles all the others in the completeness of its information and the care with which it is compiled.—"London of To-day," by Charles Eyre Pascoe (Sampson Low) is one of the very best books about the great city on the Thames. It is not so much a dry guide as a pleasant, readable volume, containing much useful and a great deal of out-of-the-way information. The chapters "Where Shall we Dine?" and "What's Going on in Town" are excellent. The illustrations throughout are well done, and, take it altogether, the book could scarcely be improved.—"Longley's Holiday Guides" (39, Warwick Lane, E.C.) are marvels of cheapness. Published at a penny each, they contain sixteen pages of useful information and several capital illustrations. There is scarcely any part of the United Kingdom which is not covered by one or other of these wonderful little books.



A FOOT-NOTE occurs in J. Freeman Bell's "The Premier and the Painter" (1 vol.: Spencer Blackett), wherein Mudie's Library is explained to be "a philanthropic institution founded for the purpose of compelling authors to expand a word into a sentence, a sentence into a page, and a page into a volume." Such sarcasm at the expense of current fiction is certainly peculiar as coming from a novelist who has published a story fully equal in length to six average volumes. Not even Mr. George Moore has charged Mr. Mudie with compelling authors to write novels six volumes long. That it is too long we need hardly say—indeed, it is well-nigh unreadably long—and it might be worth the while of some industrious and capable person with plenty of leisure to reproduce in a volume of reasonable size the epigrams and other good things, witty and serious, which "The Premier and the Painter" contains. There are plenty of them, and many of them are worth noting and remembering. But at present they are absolutely buried under a mass of mystification, of which much—it must be owned—is tedious and vapid to the last extreme. The mystification is deliberate, and up to a certain point is ingenious and effective; but Mr. Bell, singularly enough, does not seem to have discovered that, after a certain point which is very soon reached, to bewilder a reader is first to irritate and then to bore him. Perhaps it may help readers who have time and courage to discover Mr. Bell's good things for themselves to suggest to them what may possibly be the drift of the book—that before a man tries to control a Cabinet and rule a nation, he had better try his hand at the apparently minor task of managing all at once a cook-shop in the East End, an obstinate and illogical mother, and two young women who are pulling caps for him. Inevitably failing in the latter task, he will recognise the vanity and hopelessness of attempting the greater—unless, indeed, he satisfies himself with the famous aphorism of Oxenstiern. It is a political novel, in the form of a revelation of the secret history of a great political crisis with its outward phenomena, and would, from this point of view, be more effective if it ran less into burlesque of the school of Mr. Anstey. Nor is much gained by such thin disguises of real names as "Lord Bardolph Mountchapel," or by the introduction of many real people under their real names, especially as the sketches are remarkably unsuggestive of the originals. On the whole, given ample time, patience, watchful attention, and an interest in the machinery of politics on the reader's part, the book is worth reading for the sake of many detached passages. But then each of these conditions are *sine quâ non*.

"Dolly Loraine," by Susan Morley (2 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), does to some extent fall within Mr. Bell's allusion to diffuseness, for the manner in which so thin a story is made to fill its two volumes amounts to ingenuity. The story turns upon the behaviour of a young woman who, overhearing a secret conversation, uses it in a novel, thus bringing one of the parties to the talk under suspicion of breach of confidence. Thanks to Dolly Loraine, a rather attractive heroine, with some character about her, no harm comes of the matter; the right people marry, the wrong people are let off easily, and everybody is satisfied—including, to a very fair extent, the reader. The tale is pleasant, so far as its slightness allows it to be anything.

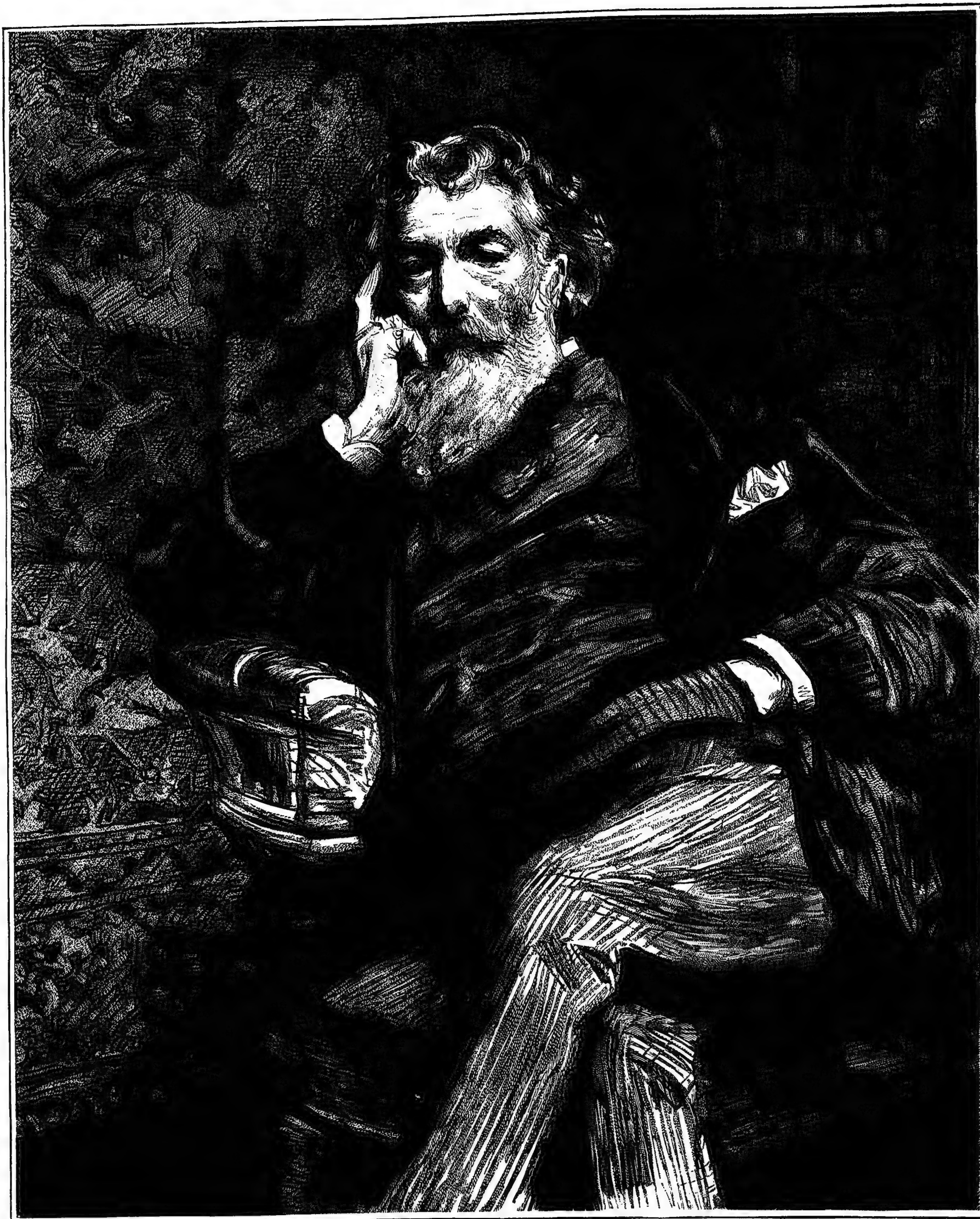
S. A. Hiram's object in writing "Sheikh Hassan, the Spiritualist: A View of the Supernatural" (1 vol.: W. H. Allen and Co.), is "to add his testimony from actual experience of the power of the Rohanee or the spiritual, and to state in a clear and decided manner that he has himself been present at several of the scenes described therein." There is an unmistakable air of conviction about his preface; it is impossible to imagine for a moment that Mr. Hiram wishes to mystify his readers. We are bound to believe, therefore, that he has known people and seen sights to which the wizards of the Middle Ages and their ways were as nothing. That his hero, the Sheikh, should have become a victim to illusions is natural enough, under all the circumstances of his life; but it is not easy to understand how he should have made Mr. Hiram share them. The story may be cordially recommended to all whose appetite for the literature of bogymod is insatiable. In the good faith of Mr. Hiram we place every confidence; but he will pardon us for not feeling quite the same amount of confidence in his mentor, Sheikh Hassan, the Rohanee.

The story of how an amiable she-idiot and a more than usually crazy siren contended for the affections of a vulgar cad is certainly not made amusing by the manner of its treatment by Mrs. Alexander Fraser in "She Came Between: a Love Story" (1 vol.: F. V. White and Co.). We believe that the authoress has established a reputation as a writer of some talent; but we can assure her that it is not yet high enough to enable her to risk it safely upon such prodigious and ill-written rubbish as this. However, perhaps she knows her own public.

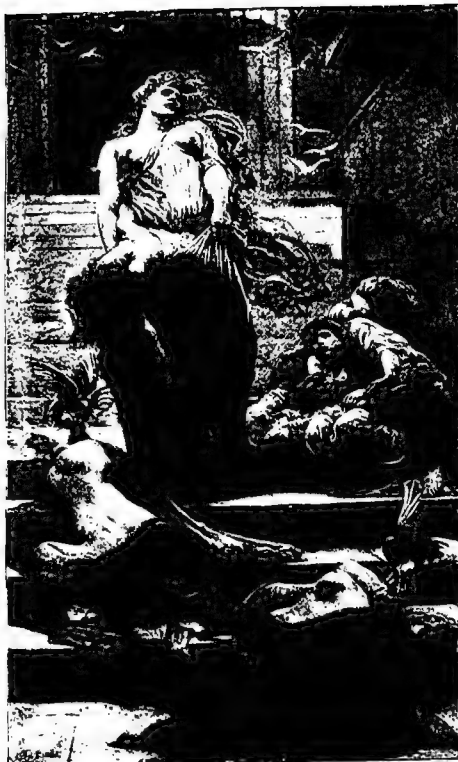
Mr. F. W. Robinson's "Prison Characters, Drawn from Life: with Suggestions for Prison Government" (1 vol.: Spencer Blackett), scarcely comes under the head of "New Novels," so far as its more serious features are concerned. At the same time it is so put together as to appeal to the novel reader quite as much as to the philanthropist by its portrait sketches, taken chiefly from Millbank and Brixton, forming a sort of appendix to the same author's "Female Life in Prison." Mr. Robinson's views on prison discipline are well known to those who make that subject their study, and he has now done well to bring them, in narrative form and with personal illustration, into the region of light literature, and before a wider public. His sketches will be read with the interest due to fiction, intensified by the knowledge of their reality.



"THE GREAT CRYPTOGRAM: Francis Bacon's Cipher in the So-Called Shakespeare Plays," by Ignatius Donnelly (2 vols.: Sampson Low), is a most amazing work. It cannot, we hold, be lightly dismissed either with ridicule or contempt. To dismiss it thus is easy, when any other treatment is found to involve many hours of patient and exhausting study. But the book is most certainly one that repays any study that may be spent upon it. In the first place, the idea that Mr. Donnelly is an impostor who is attempting, for the sake of notoriety or what not, to force upon us a theory in which he himself does not believe, is one that may be at once set aside. Mr. Donnelly is exceedingly in earnest. His "great cryptogram," unlike the Formosan grammar of that curious impostor Psalmanazar, is not an ingenious forgery which its author offers to a credulous public with his tongue in his cheek. It is a thing in which its discoverer most fervently believes. Mr. Donnelly shows himself in his book to be a man of honest purpose and simple mind, with a marked absence of humour. He is, moreover, a man of prodigious ingenuity, and almost incredible industry. All ciphering which the world has ever before seen sinks into nothingness before the intricacy and subtlety of this "great cryptogram." The theory of imposture being therefore at once put out of court, the question remains: Is Mr. Donnelly the unconscious dupe of his own cipher, or has he made a discovery of an importance and interest unexampled in the history of literature? We prefer, for the present, to leave the question unanswered. To accept the Baconian theory of the authorship of the plays generally attributed to Shakespeare is to disregard tradition, prejudice, and authority. No Shakespearean scholar of distinction has ever given any support to the hypothesis. There are a thousand cogent arguments against it on critical grounds, apart altogether from the question of the cipher. Yet, after a very careful study of Mr. Donnelly's book, we will go so far as to say that it is conceivable that at some future time he may establish his contention. He has not established it yet, because he has not let us completely into the secret of the alleged cipher. The essence of the whole cipher consists in the application to the text of the first folio edition of 1623 of certain "root numbers": 505, 506, 513, 516, 523; and these numbers are modified by certain other numbers, the modifiers being obtained by adding together the number of words contained in certain divisions of page 73 of the same edition. But, at present, Mr. Donnelly declines to say how he obtains his "root numbers," because, if he tells that, others may be able to unravel before him those parts of the cipher-story which he has not yet unearthed. At present he has extracted the cipher-story from only some pages of the first and second parts of *Henry IV.*, and already he has too much to print even in these two bulky volumes! The cipher-story which Bacon, with almost



PAINTERS IN THEIR STUDIOS, I.—SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.
DRAWN FROM LIFE



SOLOMON J. SOLOMON "NIOBE" Royal Academy



HENRY A. PEGRAM "DEATH LIBERATING A PRISONER" Royal Academy



GUTHRIE GILROY

"THE EBB TIDE OF DAY"

ALFRED EAST



Royal Academy

"ALL IS VANITY"

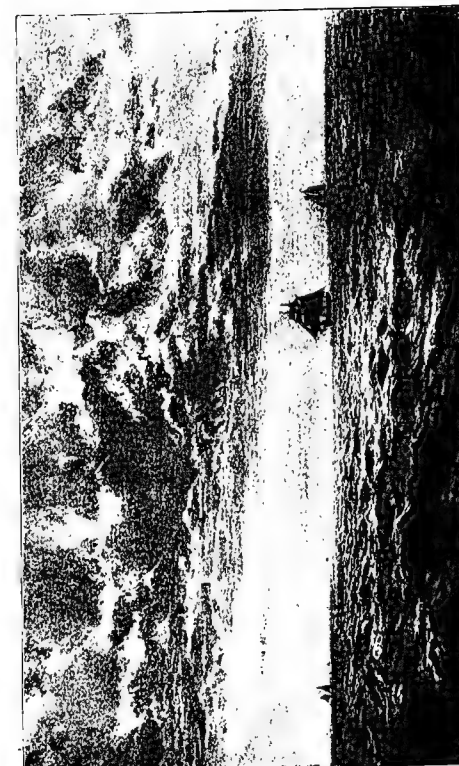
LACATY POST



WILLIAM LOGGIANE "ST. MARTIN'S IN THE FIELDS" Royal Academy



WILLIAM STRUTT "A PRINCE OF PEACE, A.D. 18" Royal Academy



Royal Academy

"WESTWARD"

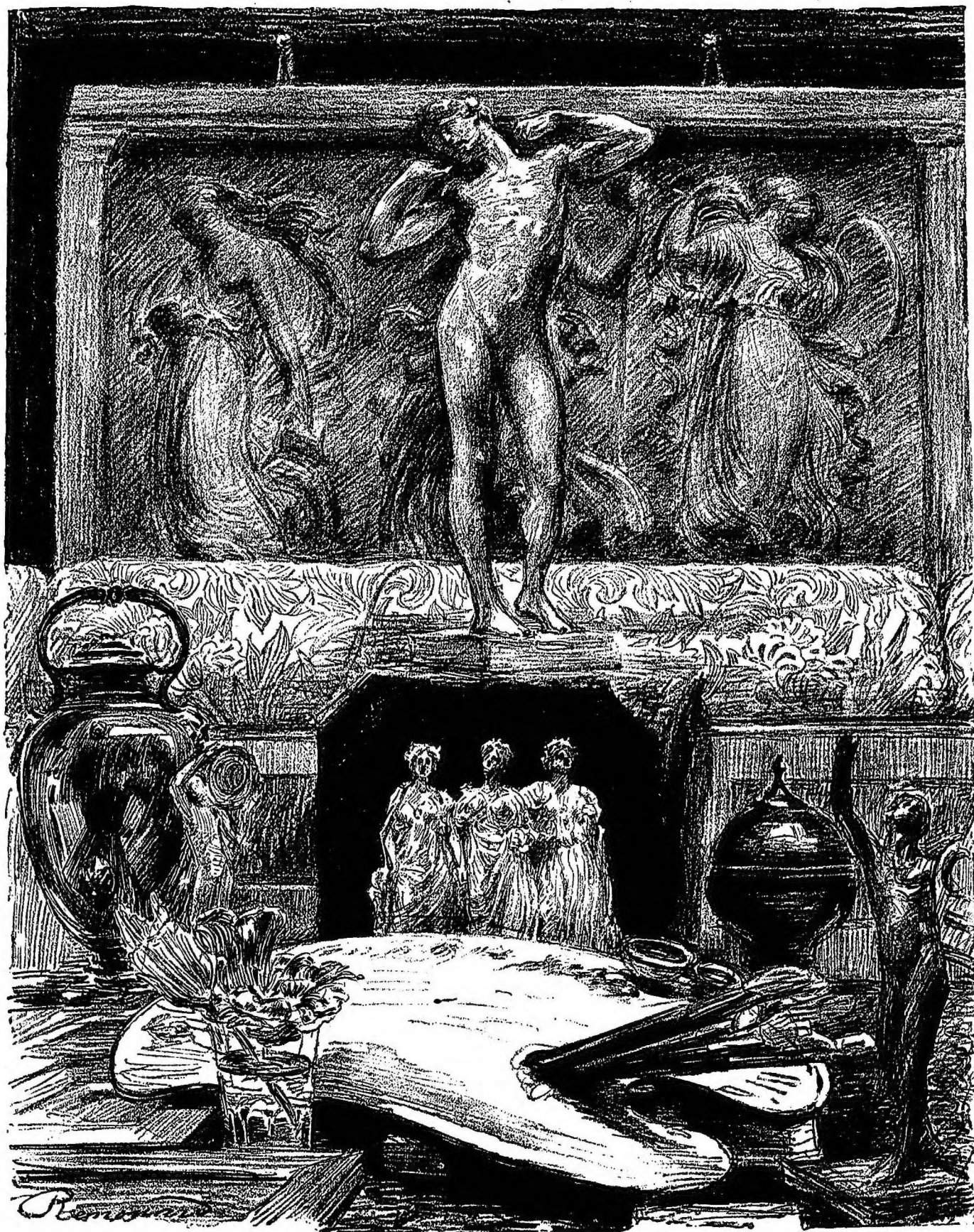
H. MOORE, A.R.A.



Royal Academy

"SIR GALAHAD"

C. E. JONES



PAINTERS IN THEIR STUDIOS, I.—A CORNER IN SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S STUDIO

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A., D.C.L., LL.D.

AN artist, it has been well said, should be judged by his work. But the cases are few in which he cannot be better and more appreciatively known by personal contact, with all the advantages offered by greater intimacy with his aims, and the manner in which he sets about their realisation. In the present sketch, therefore, as in those that are to follow, there is no attempt to trespass on the domain of the biographer, or to bore the reader and vex the artist with criticism, frank or eulogistic. My aim is but to enact the Master of the Ceremonies, as pleasantly as may be, introducing the public to the artist, his method of work, and in some measure to his surroundings.

There are few personalities in the whole Art-world of England so interesting as that of the President, whose striking form and refined features rivet the attention of the visitor as he rises to exchange salutations, and welcomes him with characteristic gracefulness and cordiality. Two years hence and his "fifties" will know him no more; but Old Time has treated him with more than ordinary kindness. True, he has laid his blanching hand upon the handsome presidential head, silvering the flowing locks and curling beard, and has begun at last to sign his name in unmistakable characters on the fine, intellectual face—imparting, by his long delayed interference, the "artistic merit" of the dignity of years. But the figure is erect and vigorous as of yore, the envy of most younger men, the despair of the whole tribe of latter-day Turveydrops.

It is particularly interesting to observe the method in which Sir Frederick Leighton sets about his work and carries it to completion. Opie, when asked with what he mixed his colours so as to obtain such depth and brilliancy, replied, "With brains." That was not true; he used bitumen—which has long since proved the ruin of the majority of his pictures. But Sir Frederick, besides being more honest in the choice of his pigments, is less reticent in the matter of his principles when sought out by those to whom they are likely to be of service or interest; so that we may well take advantage of his kindly disposition.

Subject? One can no more say whence comes the suggestion for that than one can discover the source of inspiration itself. A poem, a line, an accident, a thought suffices to bring a subject to the mind of even the most unimaginative. Whence it may readily be believed

that the President rather suffers from a wealth of ideas, a plethora of subjects, and that his list, carefully and rigidly revised, is far too long to be carried out within the ordinary span of life. "Andromache at the Well," which now hangs in Room III. at Burlington House, was thought out and entered for execution a quarter of a century ago—not quite in its present form, perhaps, but in all essential particulars the same.

Having roughly decided upon the lines of his composition, not only in the main lines, but also the subsidiary ones, as expressed in the figures, the draperies, and so forth, Sir Frederick proceeds to check the composition by nature: that is to say, by models. Most artists defer the use of the model—animate or otherwise—till they have "got in" their sketch, and they require him, her, or it, for the painting. This need not surprise us, when we remember that the President, Mr. Watts, and but one or two others, are actually the only men (a small band, indeed) who still concern themselves in England with the highest form of the system of line known as "composition."

The design determined, the artist sets about making his studies in black and white chalk on brown paper—two series of them: the first, of the figures in the nude, and the second, of the same figures draped, according to the necessities of the picture. Apart from that quality of suave dignity which pervades his work, Sir Frederick's most remarkable characteristic is the beauty and studied elegance of his draperies. To his method of procedure, therefore, belongs a peculiar interest. For the purpose of recording hanging draperies, he sets the garment upon the living model, disposing it with the utmost care, so that every fold may harmonise with the others, and be in due relation to other separate parts of the design, keeping its proper place and serving its allotted purpose in the picture as a whole. Once arranged, the artist draws frankly and accurately with his crayon; for his model, exceptionally well-trained, may be trusted to retain her pose as long as may be necessary. Indeed, Sir Frederick is the despair of the whole art community, as the princely terms he offers insures him the use and refusal of the best models the country can produce; and so, with his golden magnet, he allures to Kensington the cream of modeldom. Flying draperies, on the other hand, require other means, and always present special difficulties. The method commonly adopted by painters is to arrange the stuffs on the floor in given folds, and then to stand over

them and paint from them as they lie. The obvious drawback to this mode is the resultant lack of depth in the folds, and of the requisite "inflated" appearance. The President overcomes the difficulty by the exercise of a little ingenuity. First piling a quantity of muslin, or similar yielding material, on a couch, he disposes his drapery with great art and precision, for indecision and disturbance of any one fold would bring confusion into the general arrangement. Thus his model is set up before him in the usual way, and he can have as much "depth" as he chooses to arrange for. Next, all the figures, of whatever size, are drawn upon the canvas—not in outline merely, but highly finished in monochrome; for it is Sir Frederick's belief that no artist, however skilful he may be, can draw the outline of the human figure without the forms and muscles to fix it. Not till all this is carefully finished are the draperies painted on.

With the mention of the nude there rises up before me the gaunt and hoarsely-croaking spectre of the British Matron. Will it be believed that the followers of this short-sighted, weak-minded bogey constantly beguile the tedium of their leisure hours by expostulating with him, nay, reproaching him for his painting of the nude? Think of it!—the most statuesque, the purest, the most ideal painter of the human form in England, bombarded with the missives of these apologists for God's handiwork!

There has always been as much of the sculptor as of the painter about Sir Frederick's works. His sense of the beauty of form, indeed, has always asserted itself more strongly than his sense of colour. It is, therefore, hardly surprising to see him suddenly drift into the plastic art, not as a student, but as a highly-talented sculptor, born and bred.

His first attempt was when, in 1861, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning died. He designed the sarcophagus and sculptured the *bas-relief* portrait that mark her resting-place in the Florentine Campo Santo. Again, for his friends Major Templeton Orr and Lady Charlotte Greville, he performed like labours of love; but not till he was designing his great "Daphnephoria," in 1876, and helped himself by modelling several of the principal figures, had he attempted anything at all in the direction of "ideal work." Since that time, however, he has constantly supplemented his brown-paper studies with sketches "in the round," although more from delight in the work than from necessity. Thus, he modelled

"Elijah in the Wilderness" the better to see how the lights and shadows fell; while all the figures in "Cymon and Iphigenia" were extremely highly finished in plaster. These statuettes were completely cut into pieces—dismembered, so to speak—so as to admit of their being properly dressed with the little garments made for them.

Sir Frederick's three exhibited sculptures, which together with the others I have enumerated comprise the whole of his plastic work, were all, curiously enough, rather the result of fortuitous circumstances than of deliberate purpose. The "Athlete Wrestling with a Python" originated in a pencil flourish no bigger than your thumb, jotted down in a note book, the lines by chance falling well, and suggesting the subject. The artist modelled the group, thus simply evolved, a few inches high, but thought no more about it till Professor Legros, catching sight of it where it stood on a shelf one day, exclaimed with the emphasis of enthusiasm—"Voyons, mon cher; il faudra en faire une statue!" This work, by the way, so well known in the bronze, is about to be sculptured in marble for Mr. Jacobsen's "Glyptothèque" in Copenhagen. "The Sluggard" again owes its existence to the fact that the model sitting to him at the time suddenly fell to yawning, and charmed the delighted artist, not only with the exceptional beauty of line and display of muscle, but also with the artistic contrast of energy and sluggishness. And so the statue came to be made. But that he might not lay himself open to the charge by petty moralists that the work was merely a glorification of indolence, the sculptor placed beneath the yawner's heel—

the wreath of glorious laurel-leaves,
Down-trodden and despised.

It will be observed that the President has long since laid aside archaeology as an aid to painting, convinced that what is so admirable a merit in the art, say, of Mr. Alma Tadema, is out of place in his own. He would say, I take it, that anachronism in a work not definitely historical and illustrative is no fault when it does not directly offend the eye or outrage the sense. But it may be accepted without question that he would pause before he represented "The Sacrifice of Isaac" as Verrio did, with Abraham about to offer up his son with a blunderbuss, or "Christ Healing the Sick" with the sufferers all in periwigs. I would call attention, however, to the fact that in "Andromache," which represents an altogether imaginary post-Homeric scene, the girls are clad with some historical correctness, so far as one can say, but all in a manner that harmonises with subtle line and tint. Some appear with the simple gown of the Parthenon frieze, and others in the shift, vest, and loin-cloth of Greek archaic life.

Of all the Presidents of the Royal Academy, from Reynolds to

Grant, Sir Frederick Leighton is allowed to be the most brilliant by those most competent to judge. That Sir Joshua painted better none would admit sooner than Sir Frederick himself. Yet it is not as an artist but as the standard-bearer of the Arts, and as an administrator, that a President must be judged and criticised. In the former of these two capacities, the President has vindicated the dignity of his profession, and extorted the universal admiration and approval of his fellow-artists, and of the public. His personal talents and acquirements are of an unusual order, his command, not only of language, but of languages, excels in purity, fluency, and elegance that of the majority of his most accomplished countrymen; while learning and research disclose themselves in the discourse which he delivers biennially at the Academy, and which, I have heard him declare, give as much trouble and occupy almost as much time in the preparation as the painting of a picture. But, in spite of all this, it is as an administrator that his superiority over his predecessors asserts itself.

The delicacy and difficulties of the office to-day are of an unusual character. To maintain harmony within doors is itself a formidable task, with which few could hope to grapple with any amount of success. But when a President, himself entertaining enlightened views, and alive to the necessities of the hour, finds himself called upon to guide the destinies of a house divided against itself, while the Art-world without is clamouring for reform, and the public is taking up the cry and shrieking it from the house-tops—then all his resources of tact, courage, and administrative skill are put severely to the test. And herein, at the most anxious period of the Academy's history, has Sir Frederick Leighton proved his power and his *finesse*, not only with credit, but with triumph; so much so, indeed, that, as Mr. Watts, most dispassionate and discerning of Academicians, has repeatedly declared, "he has made it impossible for another President to follow him with equal *déclat*."

But the office is a wearing one, far beyond the suspicions of the man in the street. Council and other meetings, schools, lectures, and a thousand other details attendant on governing this Senate of the Republic of the Arts require constant attention, and constitute a continual strain—above and beyond the unceasing flow of outside demands and applications which are, naturally enough, levelled at the man who fills for the time the high office of President. Up till now Sir Frederick has borne it well; but it will be an evil day for the Academy when the stress of work begins to tell, and he feels the time has come for him to lay aside his chain of office, and seek well-earned repose in the evening of his life.

M. H. SPIELMANN



THE VIADUCT PUBLISHING COMPANY.—"The Ave Maria" (Hymn to the Virgin) has a charm for all sorts and conditions of women; a simply-written and melodious musical setting of this hymn comes from Clement Douglas. It is at present only arranged as a solo for a voice of medium compass, but the composer would do well to arrange it in four parts, when it would win universal favour in the home circle and at sacred amateur concerts.—By the above-named composer is a useful ballad of an ordinary type, "Only in Dreams," words by Edward Oxenford.—A group of songs for the drawing-room consists of "I Only Tried Your Heart," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and Donald Edmonstone, pretty, but commonplace.—"At Dark," written and composed by Herbert K. Crofts and Edwin H. Prout, is a dreamy and pleasing composition; neatly written and well set is "The Silver Stream," words by S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald, music by John Denham; "Oh Love, Come Back," is a very sentimental song, written and composed by "Nella" and Henry Parker.—Neither Clifton Bingham who wrote the words, nor Odoardo Barri who composed the music, will add to their reputation by "Sing It Again," a feeble song of a well-worn type. Most original of the group is "Midsummer Eve," a legend, written and composed by Michael Watson, published in three keys.—"Dance of the Goblins," by E. Boggetti, is a grotesque and taking pianoforte solo.—"Euchantment" is a lively rondo schottische, composed by Carl Malemberg. Both these pieces are well worthy of being learnt by heart.—"Noon," grand parade march, composed by Edwin H. Prout, is a brilliant and effective specimen of its kind.—There is a pleasing melody which will catch the duldest ear in "En Barquette," a barcarolle for the piano, by Luigi Berardi.—"A Day Dream" reverie, and "Victory!" grand march for the pianoforte, by Arthur Argo, are useful pieces for the schoolroom and drawing-room.—By the above-named composer is a graceful gavotte entitled "Golden Ray."—One of Theo. Bonheur's latest and prettiest waltzes is "Ma Fiancée."

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.—There is much to be learnt from "The Music Class," or "Sight Singer," containing the rudiments of music in a concise form, voice-training exercises, and selected pieces arranged for use in "classes," by Sinclair Dunn. In the hands of intelligent teachers and pupils a thorough knowledge of that most useful of all musical studies, sight-singing, may speedily be imparted and acquired therefrom.—Pleasing words by G. F. Allen, set to dainty music by Lady Borton, are to be found combined in "Bubbles," a simple song of medium compass.—"The Orangemen's National Song," words and music by "Gabriel," will be received with enthusiasm by the majority of Irishmen and women, who sing and listen to it more for the fervour of its words and sentiments than for the merit of its music.—Just the reverse may be said of "Waiting at Heaven's Gate," written and composed by the Hon. Mrs. Forbes; the poetry is weak, but the music is fairly good.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Highly to be commended to the vocal student is "Choice of the Best Daily Exercises," by G. d'Havet Zuccardi. Not the least useful part of this clever work is the preface, which contains excellent instruction as to the "Management of the Voice," "Respiration," "Beauty of Tone," &c. The progressive exercises are very good (Messrs. R. Mills and Sons).—A pleasing song for a tenor is "My Loved One Far Away," words by Lucas, music by James Batchelder. By the same composer is "The Eccle Riggs Polka," a cheery specimen of dance music (Messrs. Forsyth Brothers).—Book II. of "Tench White's Organ, Harmonium and American Organ Library," contains twelve useful and well-written pieces for sacred and secular purposes by Tench Jas. White (Tench White, Canterbury).

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

WE have striven in vain to fathom the mysteries contained in "Metempsychosis: a Vision After Midnight" (Longmans). Technically, the two longest poems in the volume are rather good, with a strong savour of Keats about the verse; the difficulty is to be quite sure what they are meant to convey, and the absence of any real human interest makes them tedious. The first seems to be about a lady who was turned to stone whilst still remaining alive somehow; the second treats of Oran, a young minstrel, who went to find a nymph in a lonely mountain lake, and apparently imperilled his salvation by doing so—but *why* we have failed to discover. The minor pieces call for no notice.

In "Religion; or, God and All Things," an Epic, by W. J. Spratley (Digby and Long), we have only the prologue to a forthcoming lengthy work, which, we must confess, we have no anxiety to see. The author has a very good opinion of himself, rather a poor one of "Paradise Lost," and suggests sundry improvements in the opening lines of that poem. He had a vision of the Temple of Blasphemy, which was demolished by an angel by means of a cross-bow, after which, as we gather, he met the Muse of Poetry, and married her—and that is all for the present.

"The Poetry of South Africa," collected and arranged by A. Wilmot (Sampson Low), aims at giving a collection of the best pieces written by authors in those parts. Not the least interesting feature of the work is the view it affords of the change of affairs within comparatively so short a time. Some of the pieces, such as Pringle's "Bechuana Boy," will be recognised by all as old favourites; but there are others, less familiar, which are almost equally worthy of attention.

"The Songs of the Birds; or, Analogies of Animal and Spiritual Life," by the late Rev. W. E. Evans, M.A. (Sampson Low), is a new edition, well and plentifully illustrated, of a book originally addressed to young people, the nature of which may be inferred from the title. The verse is pleasant, though not of a very high order, and the prose portions are marked by sincere piety and some little knowledge of folk-lore. The story of the blackcap at the migrating season is interesting as an example of inherited instinct; we have heard the case of a captive cuckoo, which literally beat itself to death when the proper time for departure came.

"Chants of Labour," a song book of the people, with music, edited by Edward Carpenter (Swan Sonnenschein), is a collection of pieces of Socialistic tendencies, and decidedly mediocre poetical merit, although there are one or two well-known names among the authors. Mr. Walter Crane contributes two illustrations, but does not seem to have found the subject inspiring.

It seems that "The Henry Irving Dream of Eugene Aram," by F. Drummond Niblett, dedicated to Mr. J. L. Toole (Leadenhall Press), has received the *imprimatur* of the popular tragedian himself, which speaks volumes for his power of taking a joke. The grotesques are very funny, but we hardly see why they should have been printed in brilliant crimson on black paper: the effect on the eyesight is painful.

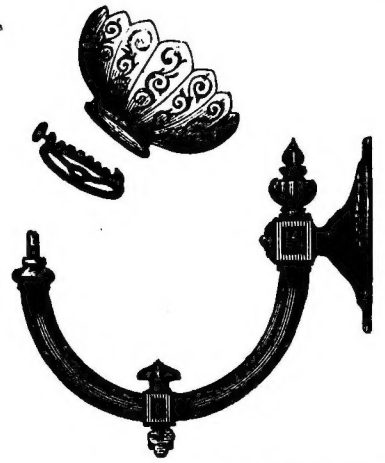
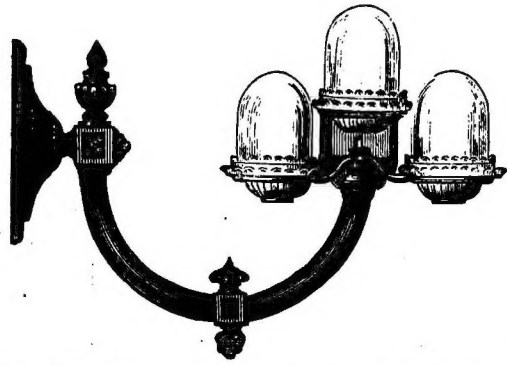
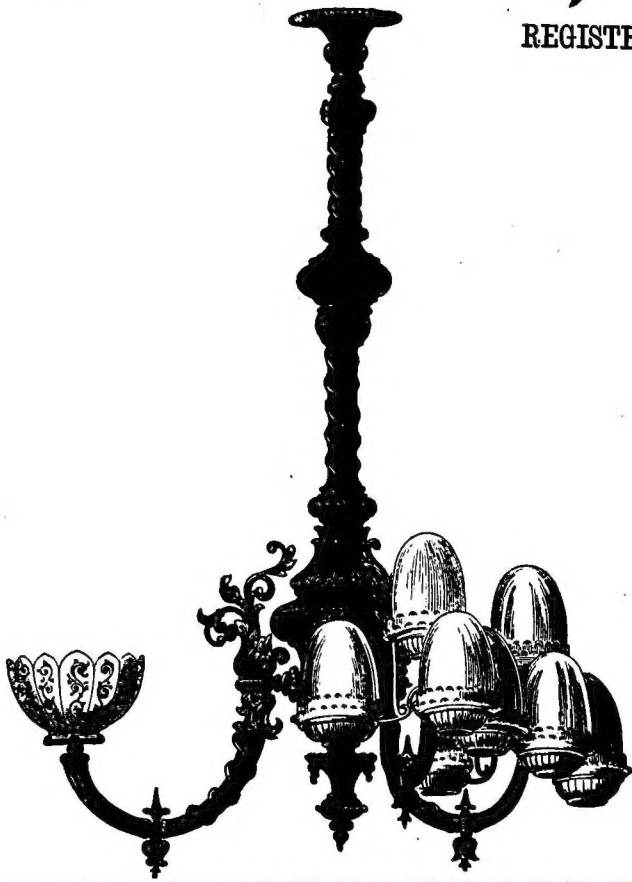
We have also to acknowledge from Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. "The Political and Occasional Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed," edited by Sir George Young, who contributes an admirable introductory essay; and from Messrs. J. S. Virtue, the second volume of the cheap illustrated edition of Shakespeare's works, edited by Charles Knight, which contains the tragedies and poems.



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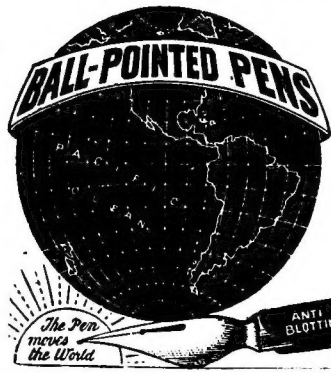
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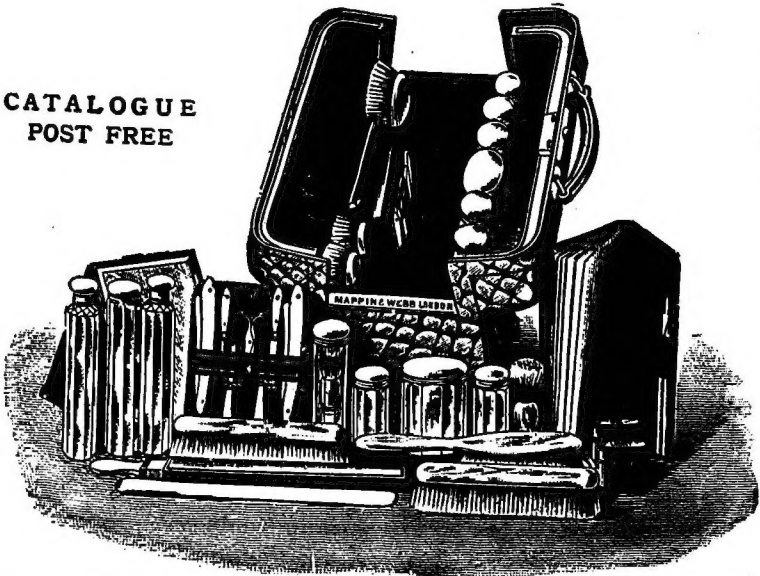
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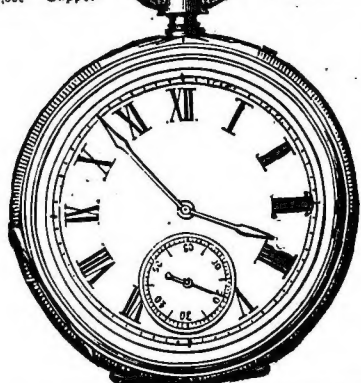


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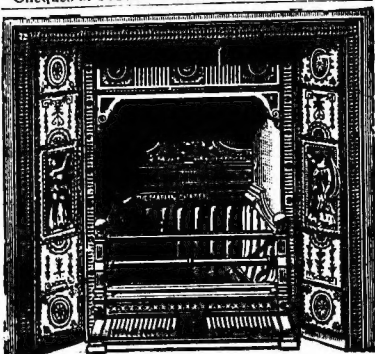
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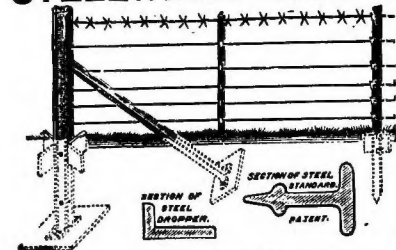
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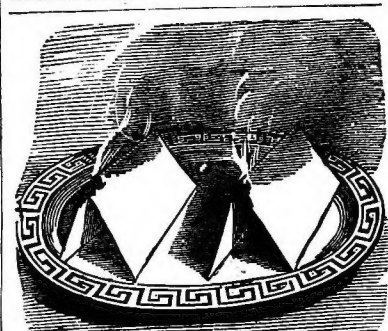
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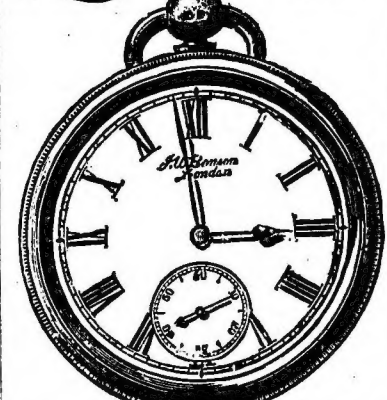
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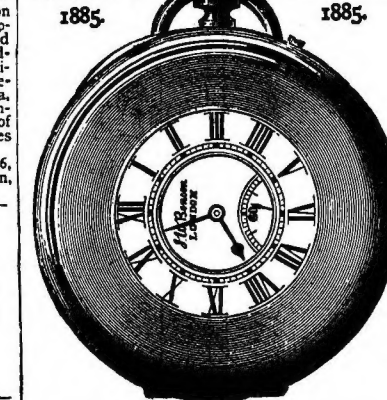


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